

# COOKIE

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*



WELL, WODDEYA SAY,  
COOKIE...ARE WE ON  
THE RIGHT ROAD?  
WOT DOES THE  
SIGN SAY?





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**"STEP UP CLOSER, FOLKS!"  
"YER ABOUT TA MEET A CELEBRITY!"**



THIS HERE'S HIM--THE GREAT  
**SUPERKATT!** YA GOT NO IDEA  
OF THE THINGS HE CAN DO! AND  
NOW-- HE'S GREATER AND  
**FUNNIER THAN EVER!**

OH, HUMPHREY!  
YOU SHOULDN'T SAY  
SUCH THINGS!

AN' **THIS** HERE'S THE **BOOK**  
HE'S IN! YA **GOTTA** READ  
IT! HONEST, YA'LL **DIE LAFFIN'!**



**LISTEN HERE, YOU GIGGLE  
COMICS CHARACTERS! WE'RE  
ALL IN THE BEST COMICS  
MAGAZINE GOING-- AND WE'RE  
GOING TO MAKE IT BETTER  
THAN EVER!**

AIN'T HE  
**WONDERFUL?**

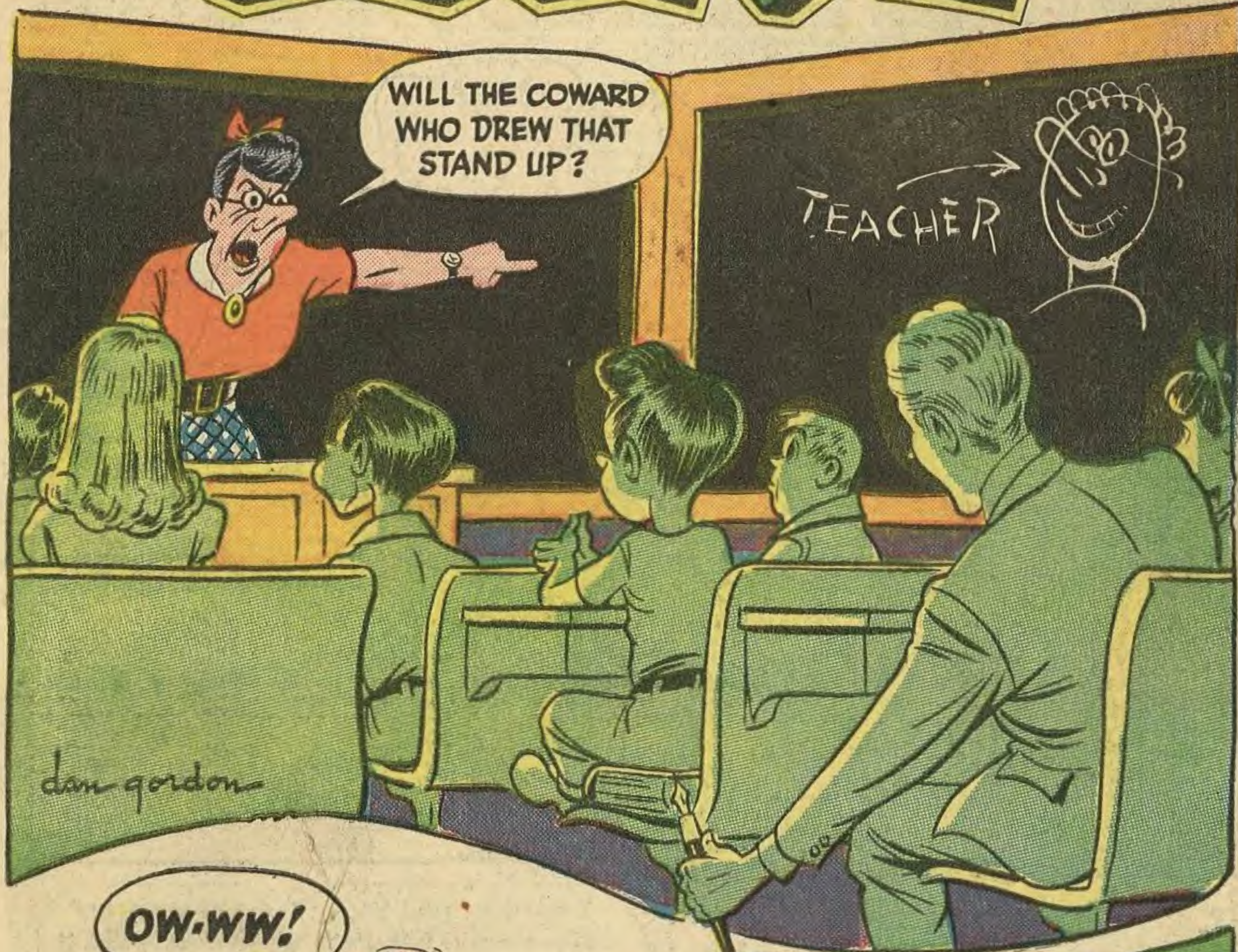


**Don't miss the best bundle of belly-laffs in America!**

**GIGGLE COMICS**  
**10¢**



# "COOKIE"



WILL THE COWARD  
WHO DREW THAT  
STAND UP?

TEACHER



dan gordon

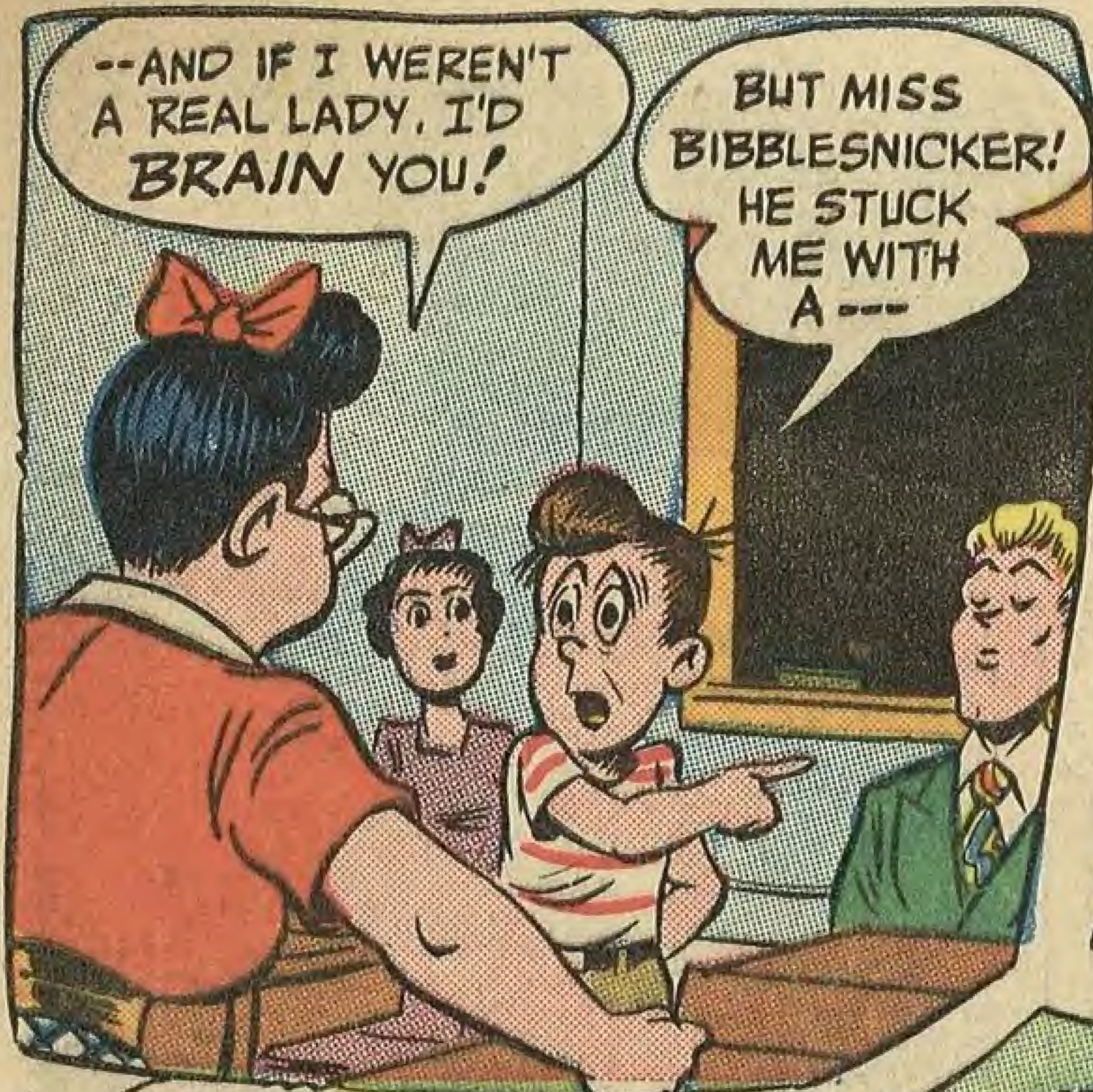


OW-WW!



SO, COOKIE O'TOOLE!  
YOU FINALLY GOT UP ENOUGH  
COURAGE TO COME TO YOUR  
FEET AND ADMIT IT, EH?







S'LONG,  
FELLAS....

GOOD LUCK,  
COOKIE,  
OL' PAL!

SAD,  
AIN'T  
IT?

YEAH... HE SAID IF HE DON'T  
SHOW UP AT THE SODA  
JERKERIE TOMORROW,  
WOULD WE COME TA SEE  
HIM AT THE HOSPITAL!  
TCH, TCH!

I'M TELLIN' YOU GUYS  
I CAN'T STAND TA SEE A  
PAL O'MINE BEIN' LED TA  
SLAUGHTER! WE GOTTA  
DO SUMP'N!

YEAH,  
YEAH, WE KNOW,  
JITTERBUCK!  
BUT WOT?

AW, MAYBE  
HE'LL BE LUCKY!  
MAYBE HIS FOLKS'LL  
GO TA THE MOVIES  
OR SUMP'N!

NOT A CHANCE!  
THE OL' MAN WON'T GO  
UNLESS LAUREN  
BACALL IS PLAYIN',  
AN' IF SHE IS, THE  
OL' LADY WON'T  
LET 'IM GO!

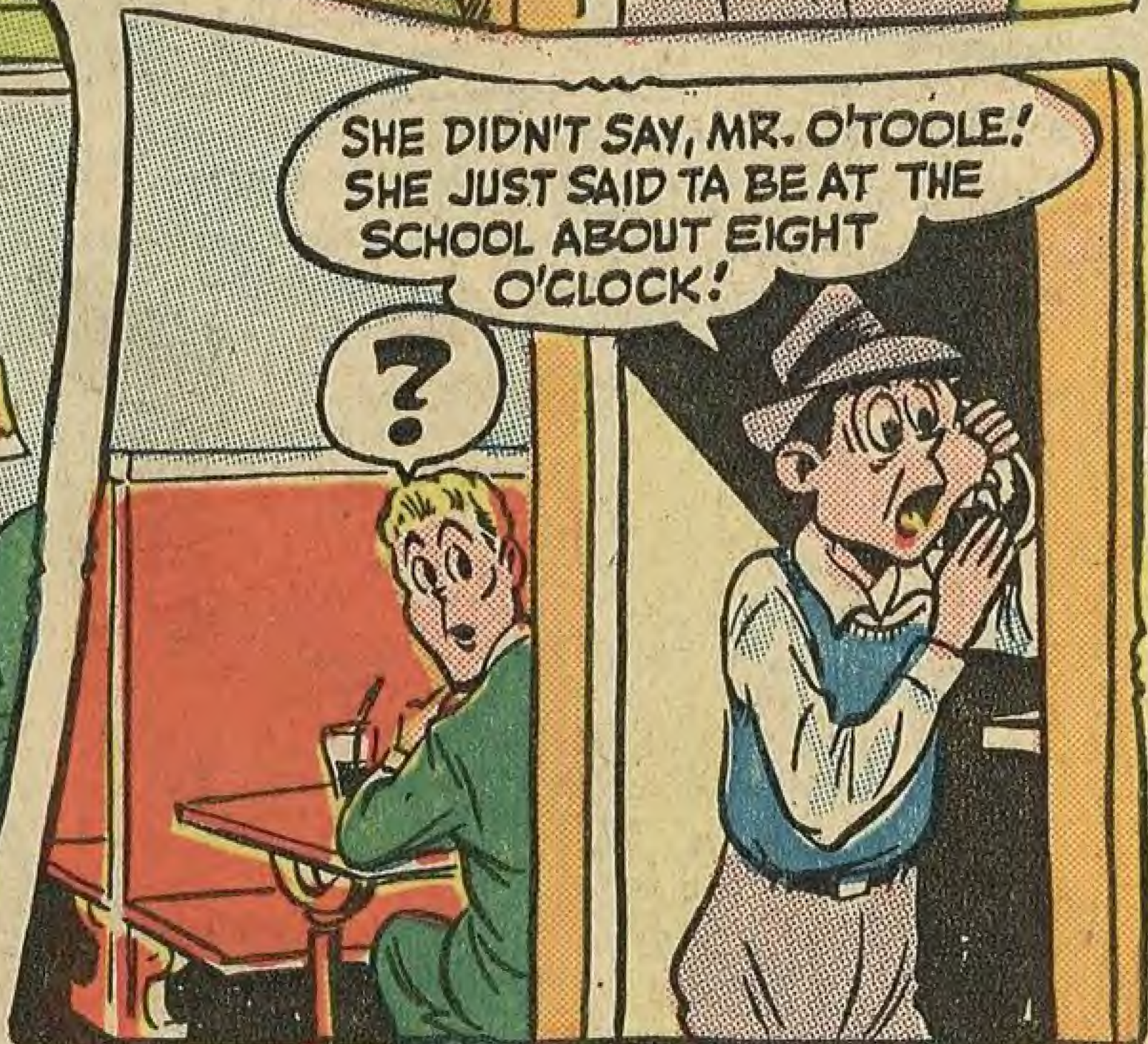
ANYWAY, COOKIE'S  
THE HONEST TYPE!  
HE'LL TELL 'EM THE  
TEACHER'S COMIN'  
AN' TAKE HIS  
MEDICINE!

HEY, WAIT!  
LOOK! SUPPOSIN'  
SUMP'N MADE COOKIE'S  
MOM AN' POP THINK  
THEY HADDA GO SEE  
MISS BIBBLESNICKER  
AT SCHOOL?

SO  
WOT?

SO THEY WOULDN'T  
BE HOME WHEN SHE GOT  
THERE! C'MON -- I GOT  
A SCHEME!







A little before eight...

I THOUGHT YOU WUZ GOIN' TA THE O'TOOLES TONIGHT!

I AM, MOM.. I AM! BUT I WAS JUST GETTING IN A FEW LICKS IN CASE HIS FATHER TURNS OUT TO BE THE **TROUBLESOME** TYPE!

NOW REMEMBER, COOKIE! DON'T DARE LEAVE THIS HOUSE TILL WE GET BACK, SEE?

YESSSSIR!

ALL SET, DOWNBEAT?

YEAH -- I GOT ALL THE JUNK LIKE YA TOLD ME! LET'S GET OVER TA COOKIE'S!

TEACHER

SCHOOL

**BOOM!**

YESSIR -- I CAN THINK OF ANOTHER PLACE WHERE THEY COULDA TRIED OUT THE ATOMIC BOMB!

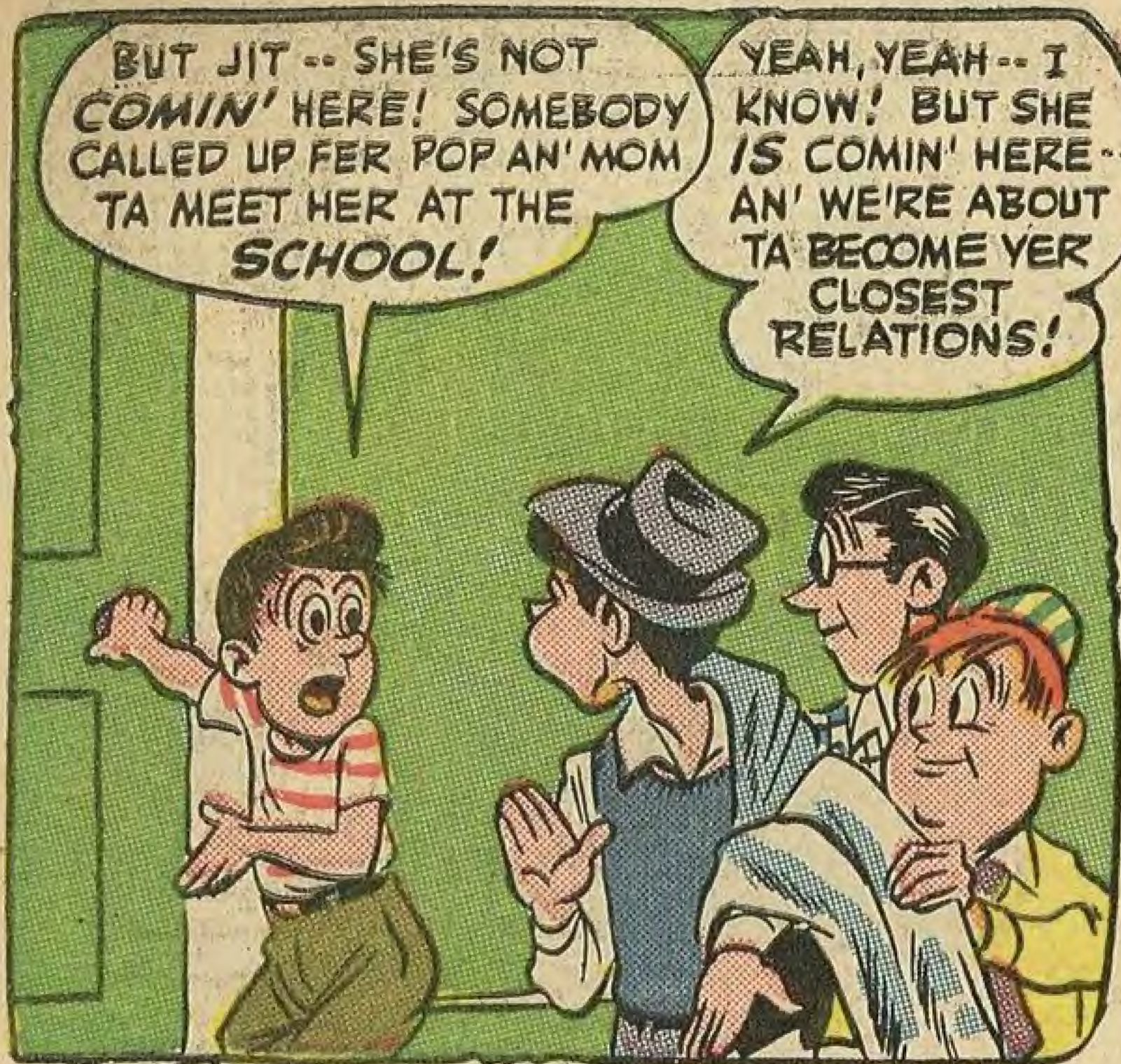
**RINNNING!**

THE BELL! THAT CAN'T BE POP BACK ALREADY.. I HOPE!

THE GANG! WOT'RE YOU GUYS DOIN' HERE?

IT'S A RESCUE ACT! AN' YA BETTER LET US IN FAST--BEFORE MISS BIBBLESNICKER GETS HERE!





BUT JIT -- SHE'S NOT COMIN' HERE! SOMEBODY CALLED UP FER POP AN' MOM TA MEET HER AT THE **SCHOOL!**

YEAH, YEAH -- I KNOW! BUT SHE **IS** COMIN' HERE -- AN' WE'RE ABOUT TA BECOME YER CLOSEST RELATIONS!



I DON'T GET IT!

DON'T EVEN TRY, COOK, OL' KID! JUST PUT THIS APRON ON AN' ANSWER THE BELL!

RRINNNNG!



UHP! M-MISS BIBBLE-SNICKER!

WHO ELSE?

**COOKIE, YOU BRAT! COME HERE!**



GET BACK TA YER WASHIN,' YA -- WELL, WELL! HIYA, BABE!

WOT THE -- JIT!



AS YOU KNOW, I'M MISS BIBBLESNICKER, YOUR SON'S TEACHER AT HARELIP HIGH, AND I'VE COME TO --

WELL, NOW, AIN'T DAT PEACHY! HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN' ME CUTTIN' A RUG?



B-BUT, MR. O'TOOLE!

NOW, NOW, TOOTS! YA DON'T WANNA BE A WALLFLOWER ALL YER LIFE, DO YA?





OH, MISS BIBBLESNICKER -- I'M SO SORRY! YA'LL HAVE TA FORGIVE PAW --- HE'S THE IMPULSIVE TYPE!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

AND WHO, PRAY TELL, IS THAT PAINTED HUSSY?

IF YA MEANS DIS SLICK CHICK HERE, SHE'S MISS BIBBLESNICKER, COOKIE'S TEACHER!



THIS IS ME DAUGHTER BEDELIA --- SHE'S A NITWIT!

UHP!



ER -- I REALLY CAME -- ER -- TO DISCUSS YOUR SON, COOKIE!

OH, YES -- COOKIE! THE POOR BOY! JUST FOLLER ME, DEARIE!



YA SEE, WITH THE REST O' THE FAMBY WOT IT IS, AN' HIS PAW BEIN' A NO-GOODER, COOKIE HERE TAKES IN WASHIN' TA SUPPORT HIS POOR MAW AN' JERKY SISTER!

OH, THE POOR BOY! I DIDN'T REALIZE!





Meanwhile...

WE CAN'T WAIT  
ANY LONGER FOR  
THAT TEACHER!  
LET'S GO!

I GUESS IT WASN'T  
IMPORTANT ANYWAY, POP!  
COOKIE'S A **GOOD**  
BOY!

Harelip  
High  
School

UH-HUH---MAYBE!  
I STILL GOTTA  
RUSH HOME TO  
FIX UP SOME  
REPORTS!

WELL, FANCY  
THAT -- CHARLES  
BOYER'S AT THE  
BIJOU! I THINK  
I'LL GO!... I'LL  
BE HOME  
LATER!

CHARLES BOYER  
IN PURPLE LOVE

Back at the house...

--SO YA KIN SEE  
HE AIN'T GOT NO TIME  
AT ALL FER BOOK  
LOININ'!

AND TO  
THINK I'VE  
BEEN SO  
**CR-RUEL!**

**C'MON, YOU!**  
I'M GOIN' TA THE  
POOL ROOM AN' I  
NEED SOME DOUGH!  
**GET IT UP,**  
**OR---**

I'LL QUEER  
THIS LITTLE  
GAME--AN'  
**HOW!**

OH-OH---  
**ZOOT!**  
THERE'S  
GONNA BE  
TROUBLE!

**SH-HHH!**  
I'LL  
HANDLE  
THIS!

**WELL, WELL!** WHAT A  
**COZY** LITTLE FAMILY  
GATHERING!

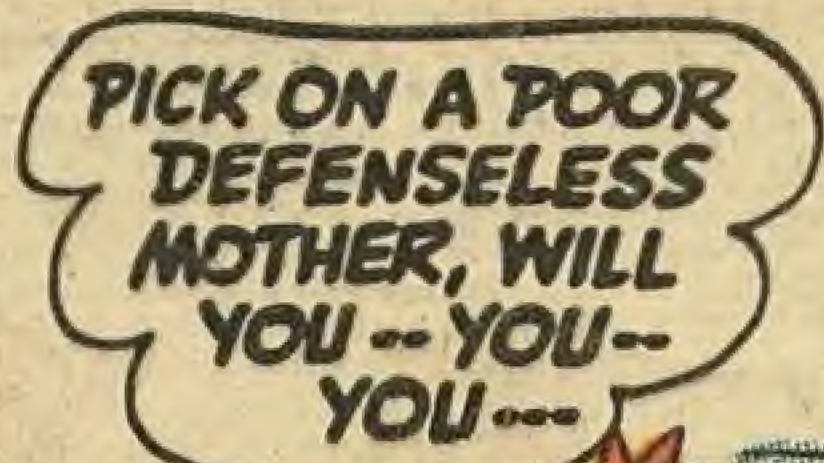
**MISS BIBBLESNICKER--LOOK!**  
HERE HE IS -- THE SKUNK WHOSE  
OL' MAN HOLDS OUR MORTGAGE  
AND KEEPS MY BOY'S  
FINGERS WORKED  
TA THE BONE!





WHY, YOU  
OVERSTUFFED  
PHONEY!  
I'LL ---

**HALP!**



PICK ON A POOR  
DEFENSELESS  
MOTHER, WILL  
YOU -- YOU --  
YOU ---



**OOF!**



OH-OH!  
COME  
BACK!



**OUT!**

**OW!**

MY POOR, DEAR BOY! PLEASE --  
TRY TO FORGIVE ME! FROM NOW  
ON, YOU'LL FIND ME THE KINDEST,  
MOST CONSIDERATE TEACHER  
-- I PROMISE!



PSST!



GOOD NIGHT,  
MRS. O'TOOLE!

'BYE, MISS  
BIBBLESNICKER!

CONGRATS, KID --  
IT WORKED  
**PERFECT!**

NOT BAD --  
IF I **DO**  
SAY SO  
MYSELF!

YEAH,  
YEAH, BUT  
SCRAM, WILL YA  
-- BEFORE  
POP AN' MOM  
GET HOME!





THE SHEER BRUTALITY OF THAT  
SCOUNDREL O'TOOLE MUST BE  
REPORTED TO THE AUTHORITIES---  
AND I'M THE GAL  
TO DO IT!



I WONDER WHAT IT WAS  
COOKIE'S TEACHER WANTED  
ME FOR! THAT KID!  
TCH, TCH!



OOF!

OOPS!



A-HA! O'TOOLE!  
THE CHILD-BEATER--  
THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING  
LOAFER!

HUH?  
B-BUT---



ANYONE WHO COULD TREAT A  
SON THE WAY YOU TREAT COOKIE  
---**THERE!** MAYBE **THAT**  
WILL HELP YOUR  
DANCING AND  
POOL-PLAYING!

BUT  
MADAM--  
---OW-WW!



LOOKS LIKE SHE MUSTA  
GOTTEN WISE TA THE  
MASQUERADE! SHE FOUND  
OUT THAT WUZ ONLY JIT  
IN MR. O'TOOLE'S  
OUTFIT!

HUMMMF!



OH-HHH!



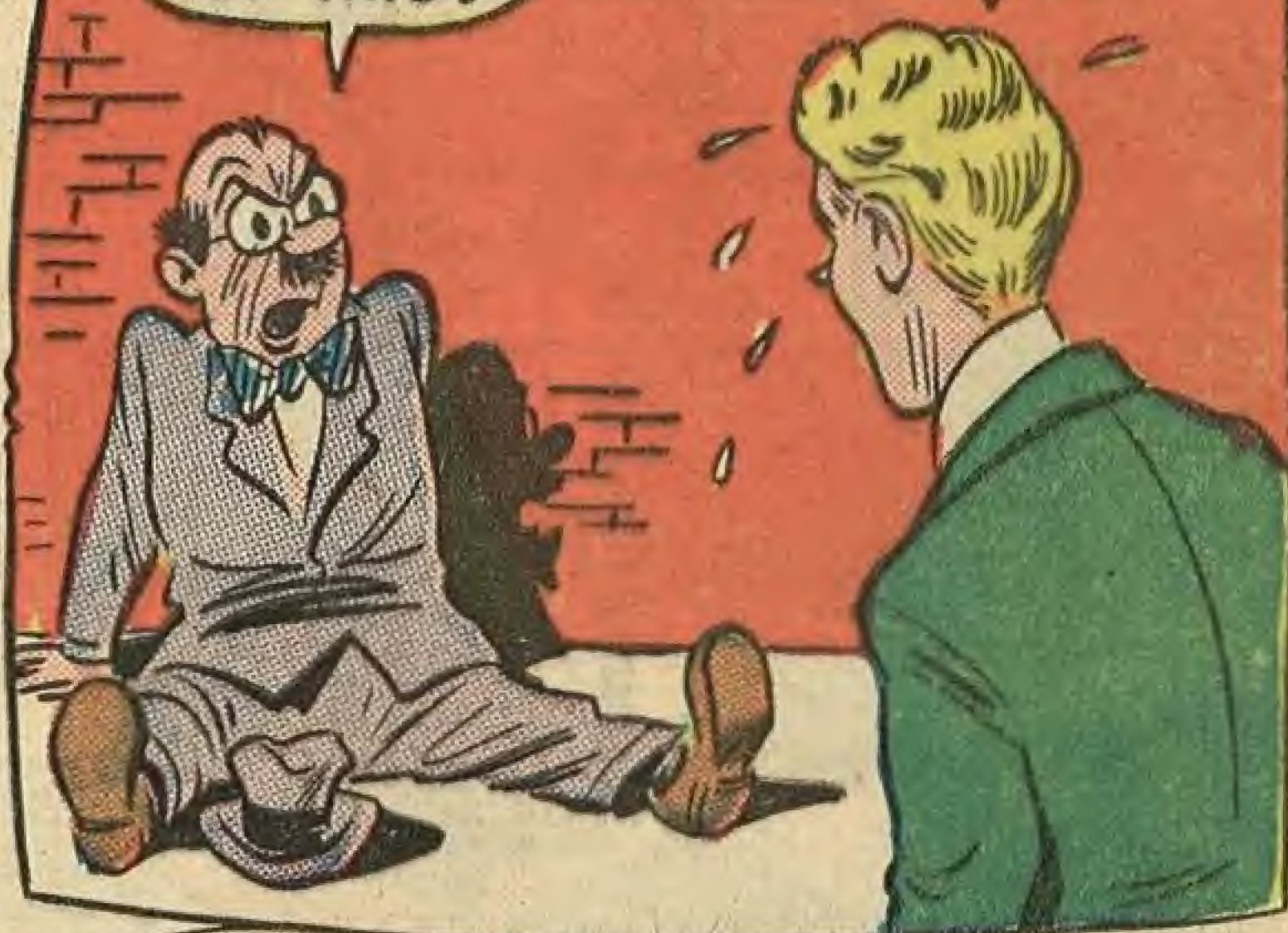


HERE'S MY LITTLE  
BIT, PUNK! YOU GUYS  
THINK YA PULLED A  
FAST ONE TONIGHT,  
HUH?



WELL, STUPID?  
AND JUST WHAT  
IS THE  
MEANING  
OF THIS?

J-JUMPIN' JIVE!  
IT-IT'S THE REAL  
McCOY-- I MEAN,  
O'TOOLE!



JEEPERS, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW  
IT WUZ YOU! YA SEE, JITTERBUCK  
AN' THE CROWD, THEY WERE ALL  
DRESSED LIKE -- I MEAN ---  
WELL, YA SEE, COOKIE---



IF YOU MEAN THAT MY  
SON IS BACK OF ALL  
THIS, SAY NO MORE!  
I MIGHT HAVE  
KNOWN IT!

YESSIR ---  
I MEAN--ER--  
GOOD NIGHT!



--AND I THINK THIS WRETCH  
O'TOOLE IS NOT ONLY A THREAT  
TO HIS OWN FAMILY, BUT A  
MENACE TO THE COMMUNITY  
AS A WHOLE!

OKAY,  
LADY--WE'LL  
LOOK INTO  
IT RIGHT  
AWAY!



WELL?

ER...  
H'LO,  
POP!







THIS IS THE JOINT, CLANCY! IT'S JUST LIKE THE DAME SAID! LOOK!

OKAY! LET'S GO!



JUST A MINUTE, YOU!

HUH? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

SURE, JIT -- EVERYTHIN'S SWELL NOW! NAW.. THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF 'EM EVER MEETIN' THE TEACHER!

SH-HH -- WAIT A MINUTE! MOM'S COMIN'!

THERE'S BEEN COMPLAINTS ABOUT YOU AN' WE DON'T LIKE IT, SEE? THIS TIME I'M WARNIN' YA --- BUT THE NEXT TIME, WE RUNS YA IN!

OF COURSE! NATURALLY! I MEAN -- YES, SIR!



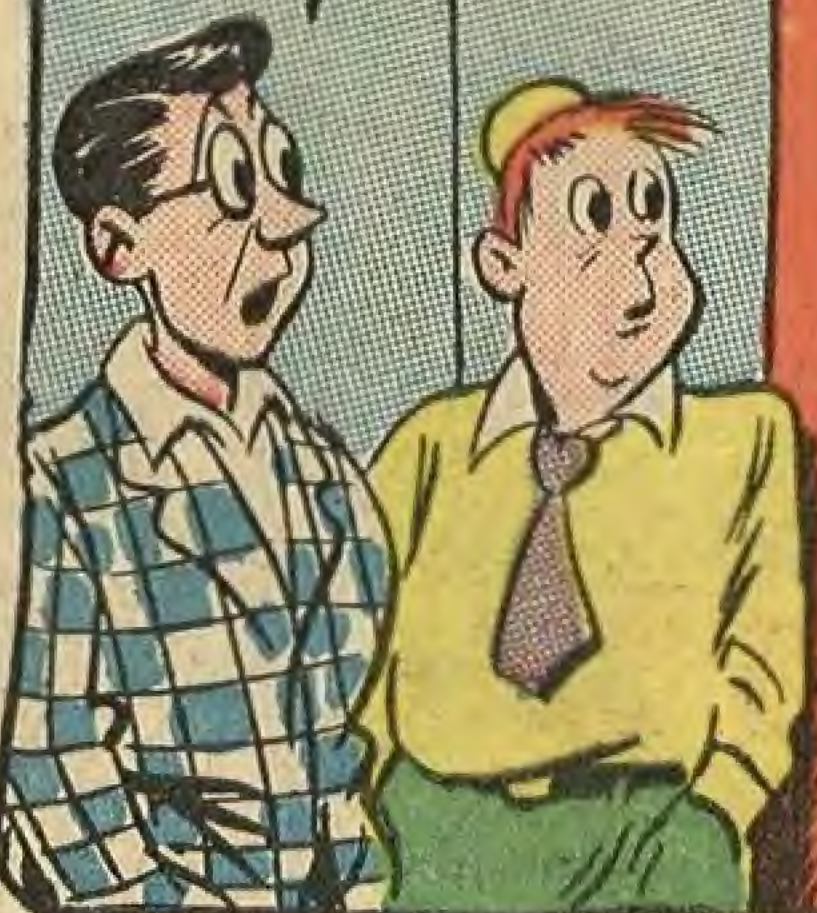
OH, COOKIE! HERE'S SOMETHING NICE WHICH CAME IN THE MAIL!



LISTEN, IT'S FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL! IT SAYS, "WE, THE FACULTY, REQUEST THAT ALL PARENTS ATTEND A MEETING OF THE P.T.A. ON FRIDAY, SO THEY MAY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF MEETING THEIR CHILDREN'S TEACHERS." ISN'T THAT NICE?

WOT'S THE MATTER?

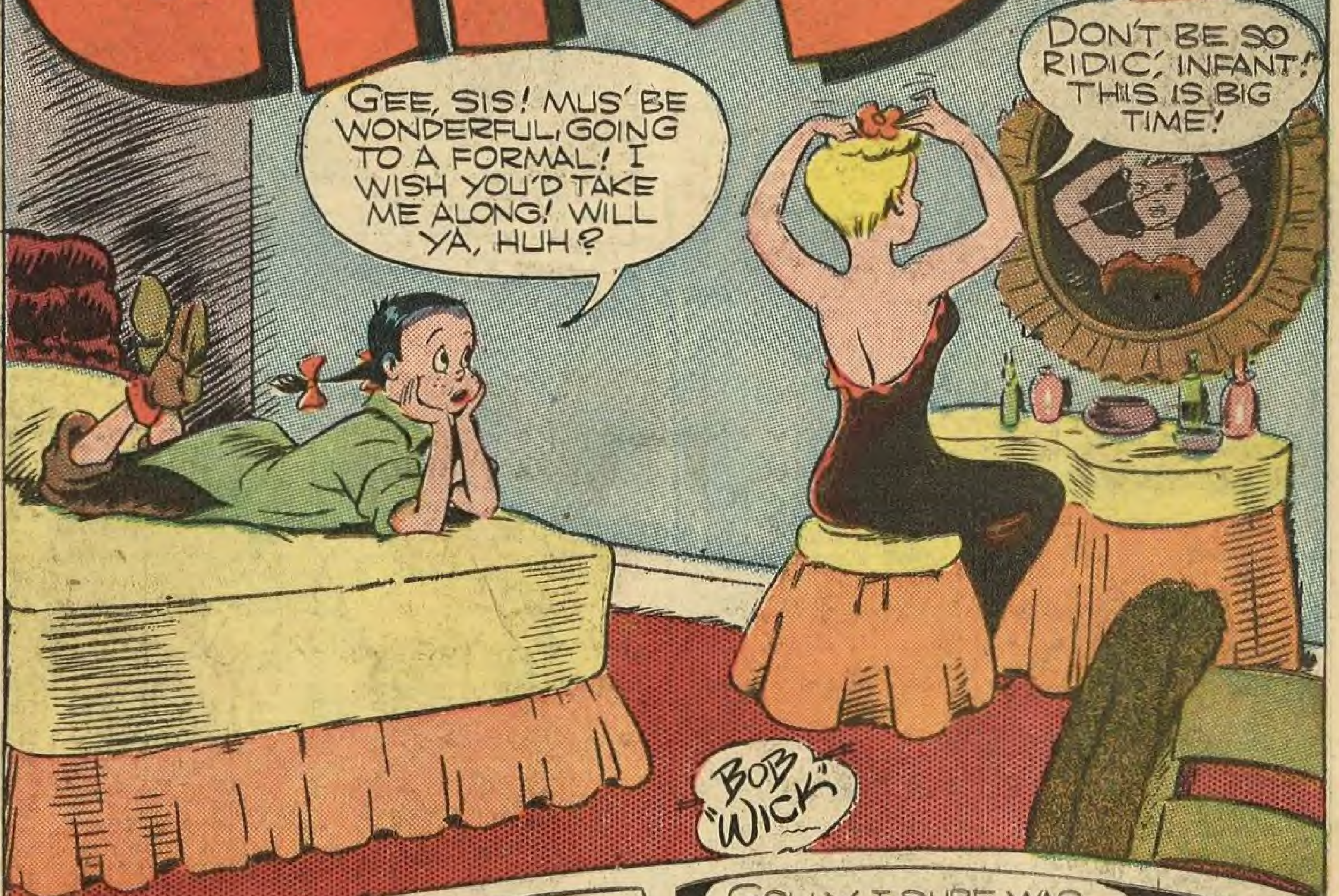
I DUNNO! I JUST HEARD A LONG GROAN -- AN' THEN A DULL THUD!



The END



# CINDY



GEE, SIS! MUS' BE WONDERFUL, GOING TO A FORMAL! I WISH YOU'D TAKE ME ALONG! WILL YA, HUH?

DON'T BE SO RIDIC, INFANT! THIS IS BIG TIME!

BOB  
"WICK"



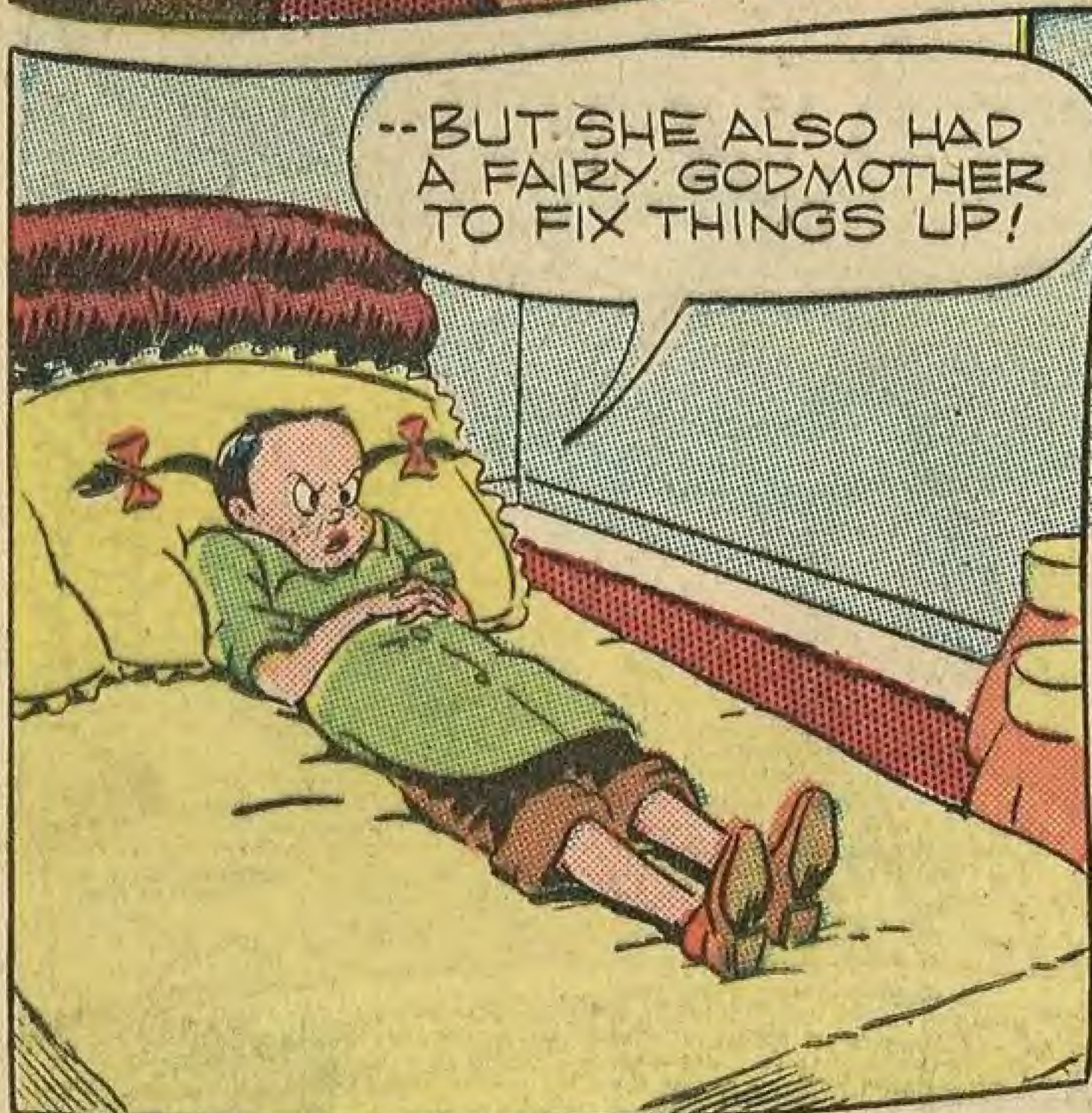
AFTER ALL, CINDY, YOU'RE A MERE CHILD, MY DEAR! A MERE YOUNGSTER!

AW-WW...



GOLLY, I SURE WAS APPROPRIATELY NAMED! I'M PRACTICALLY A CINDERELLA CHARACTER! I'M ALMOST THIRTEEN, AND THAT'S JUST ABOUT ALMOST GROWN UP... 'N' I DON'T GET TO GO ANYWHERE LIKE YOU!









GOLLY, I'M SO SAD AND BLUE,  
I'VE GOT EVER SO MUCH WORK TO DO!



I NEVER HAVE A BIT OF FUN,  
MY SISTERS KEEP ME ON  
THE RUN!



BEGORRY-- CINDY,  
WHY SO SAD??  
THINGS ARE REALLY  
NOT SO BAD!

POF!



WHO ARE  
YOU (SNIFF)  
LITTLE  
LADY?

I'M YOUR GODMOTHER,  
MRS. O' GRADY!  
BLOW HARD, HONEY!  
LET'S SEE A SMILE--



--I WILL MAKE YOUR LIFE  
WORTHWHILE!  
IT REALLY ISN'T ANY-  
THING AT ALL---



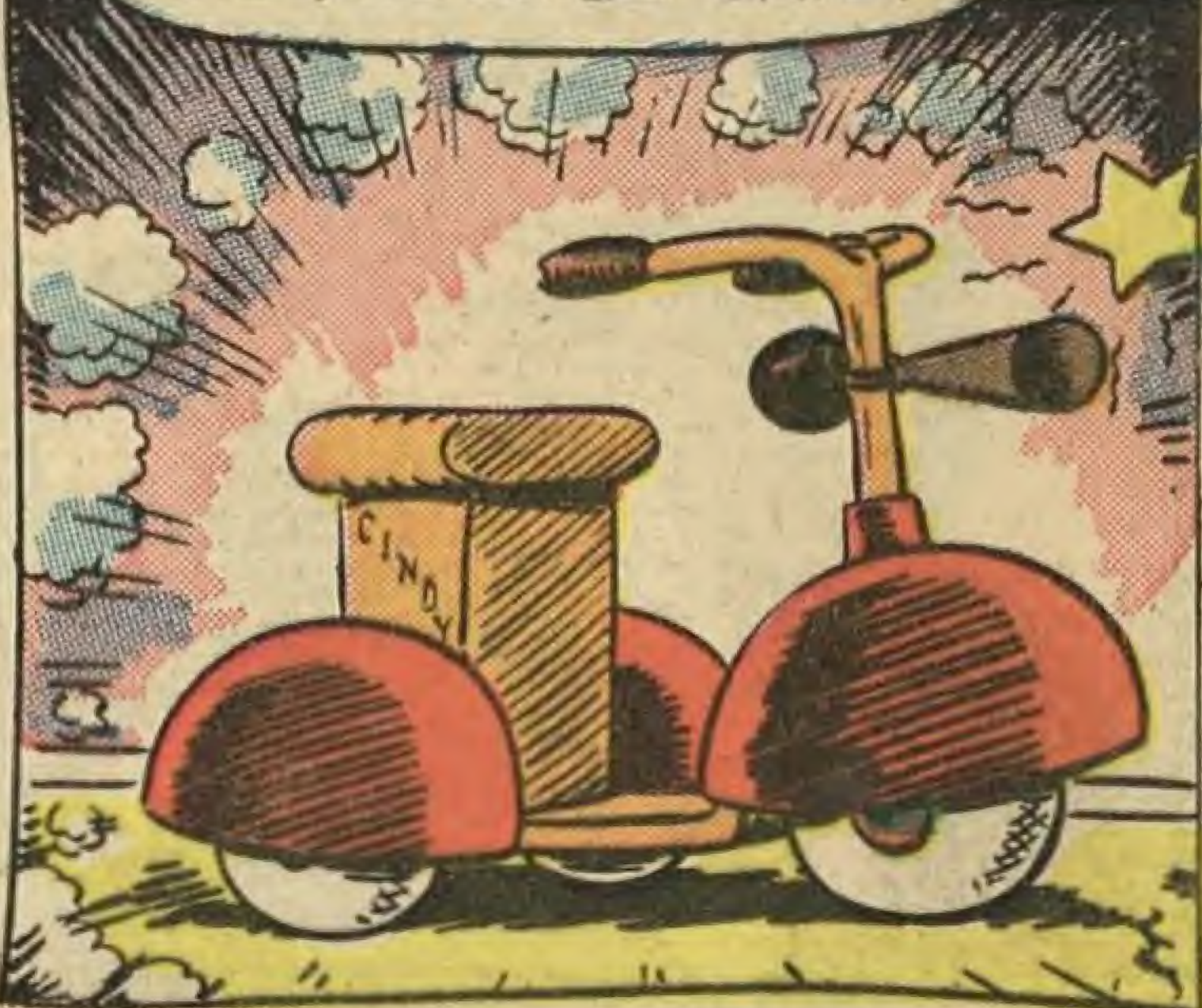




ABRA-CADABRA, SIX-  
SEVEN-EIGHT---!



--NOW OFF TO THE BALL,  
OR YOU'LL BE LATE!



REMEMBER TO  
LEAVE BEFORE THE  
MIDDLE OF THE  
NIGHT,  
OR THE CHARM WILL  
BE BROKEN AND  
YOU'LL BE A SIGHT!  
IN YOUR TATTERED OLD  
CLOTHES YOU'LL BE  
SUMPETHIN'  
RIDING AROUND ON A  
BIG YELLOW PUMPKIN!



I'LL REMEMBER  
FOR SURE, MRS. O'GRADY!  
I'LL BE HOME BY  
TWELVE, LIKE A  
GOOD LITTLE  
LADY!



ANNOUNCING  
MISS CINDY O'RELLA!



HOLY  
SMOKES,  
MEN! LOOK  
AT THAT  
CUTIE!

NOT  
SNOOTY!

A  
BEAUTY!

THE  
CASTLE  
FORMAL  
DANCE  
TONIGHT







MAY I HAVE THE FIRST DANCE? MY NAME IS PAUL!

MY NAME IS FRANKIE; MAY I HAVE THEM ALL?



PLEASE, BOYS! THIS IS REALLY A TASK!

TA TA TA



THE FIRST DANCE IS-- WHO IS THAT, MAY I ASK?

GOSH! WHAT A MAN!

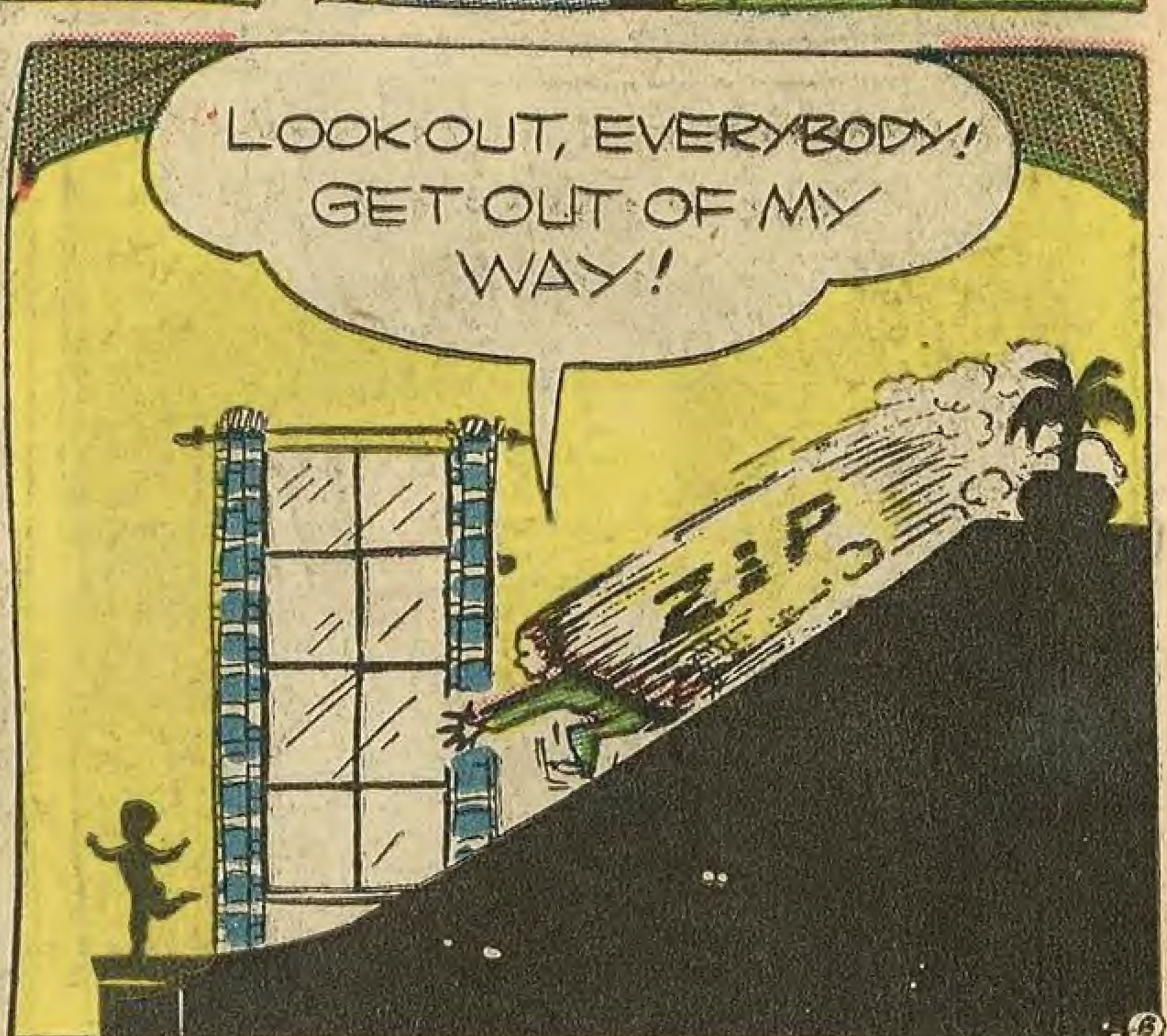
TA TA TA



ANNOUNCING TO ALL -- PRINCE JOHNSON OF VAN!

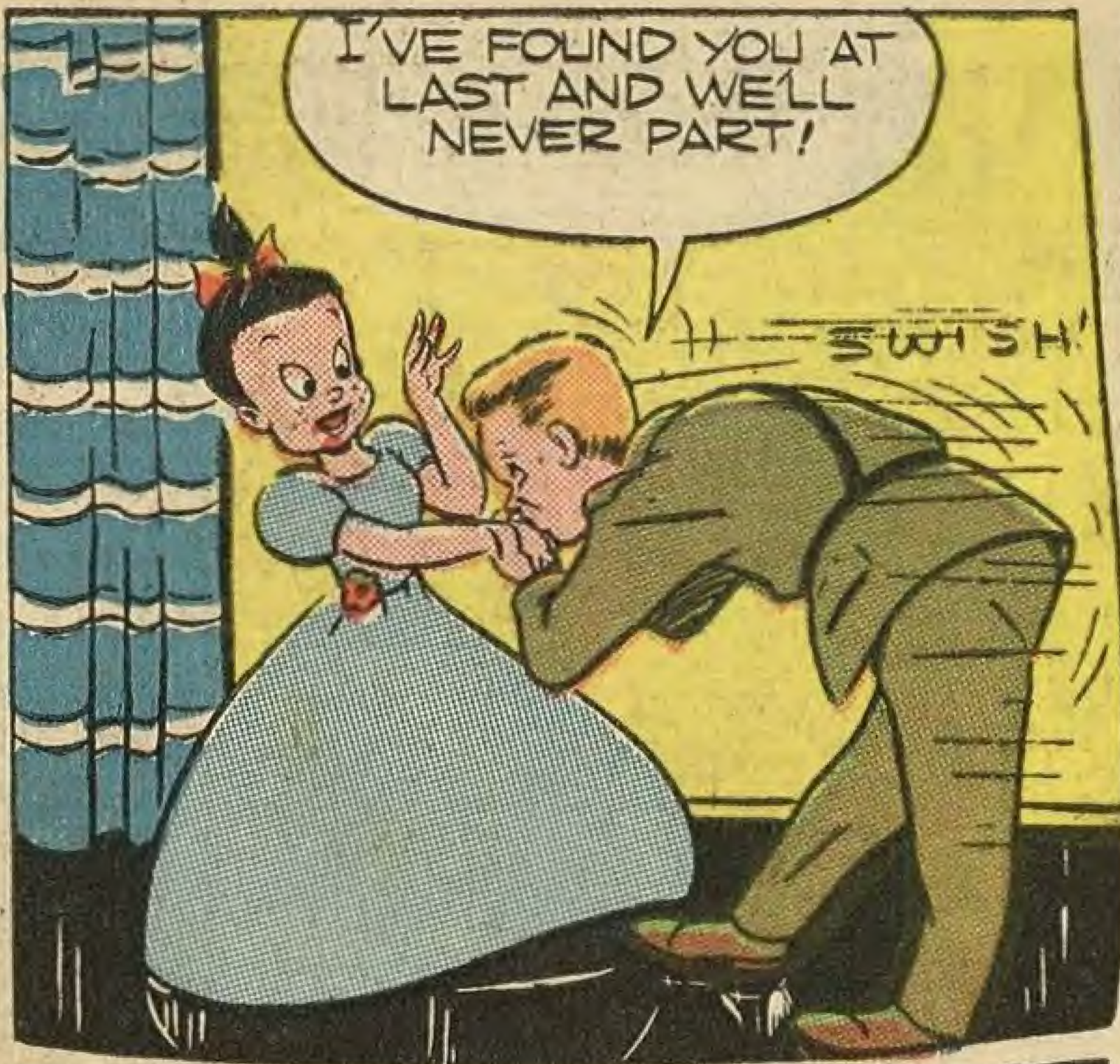


IT'S CINDY! MY CINDY! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!



LOOK OUT, EVERYBODY! GET OUT OF MY WAY!











# COOKIE

GOLLY, JITTERBUCK! CAN YA IMAGINE WOT ANGELPUSS WILL SAY WHEN SHE SEES ME IN **THIS**?

EEEK!

YEAH! KINDA!

\$16.50

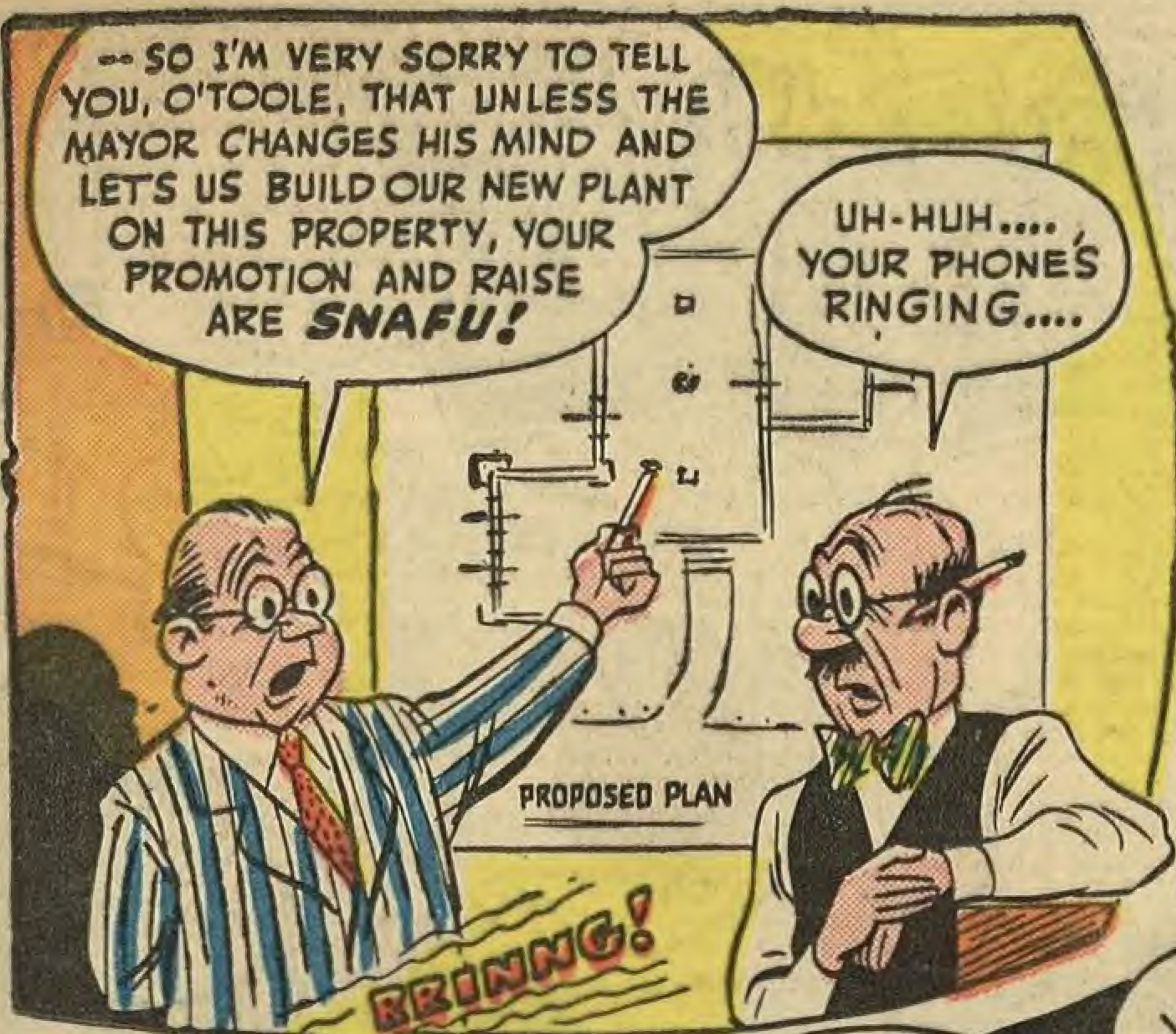
THAT DOES IT, MY MAN! JUST CUT IT DOWN TA MY SIZE AN' I'LL BE BACK LATER WITH THE DOUGH!

RIGHTO, SON! I MEAN-- YES, SIR!

HOW COME THE SUDDEN AFFLUENCE? YER OL' MAN STRIKE OIL OR SUMP'N?

NOT EXACTLY, JIT! BUT HE DOES CONTEMPLATE A PROMOTION WITH A BIG RAISE, AN' AT THE MOMENT IS IN A **VERY** GENEROUS MOOD! KETCH?







**HOT SOCKS!**  
I GOTTA GET ME  
ONE O' THOSE  
RIGS  
PRONTO!

JIT, WOT AM I GONNA  
DO? I JUST GOTTA  
GET THE DOUGH FER  
THAT COAT! YA  
KIN SEE HOW  
IMPORTANT  
IT IS NOW!

YEAH,  
I KNOW,  
KID, BUT...



**HEY,  
LOOK!**

**NT STORE**

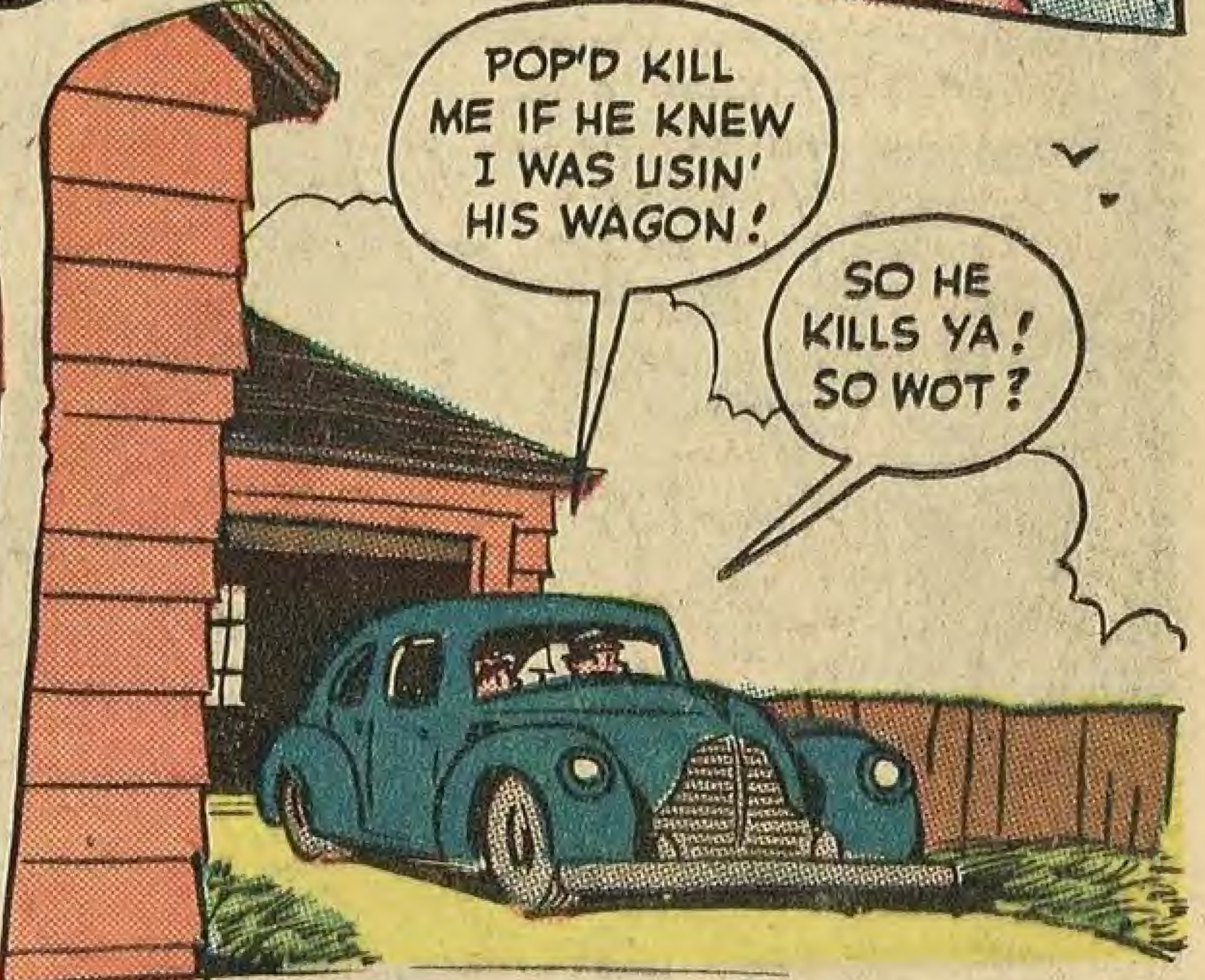
**MAN WITH  
CAR WANTED!  
TO HELP WITH  
DELIVERIES!  
GOOD PAY!**

SO WOT?  
OUR JALOPY  
DIED FROM A  
GEARACHE  
LAST WEEK!



YEAH, I KNOW!  
BUT YOUR OL'  
MAN HAS A  
CAR, HASN'T  
HE?

WHY DIDN'T  
I THINK OF  
THAT? LET'S  
GO!



POP'D KILL  
ME IF HE KNEW  
I WAS USIN'  
HIS WAGON!

SO HE  
KILLS YA!  
SO WOT?

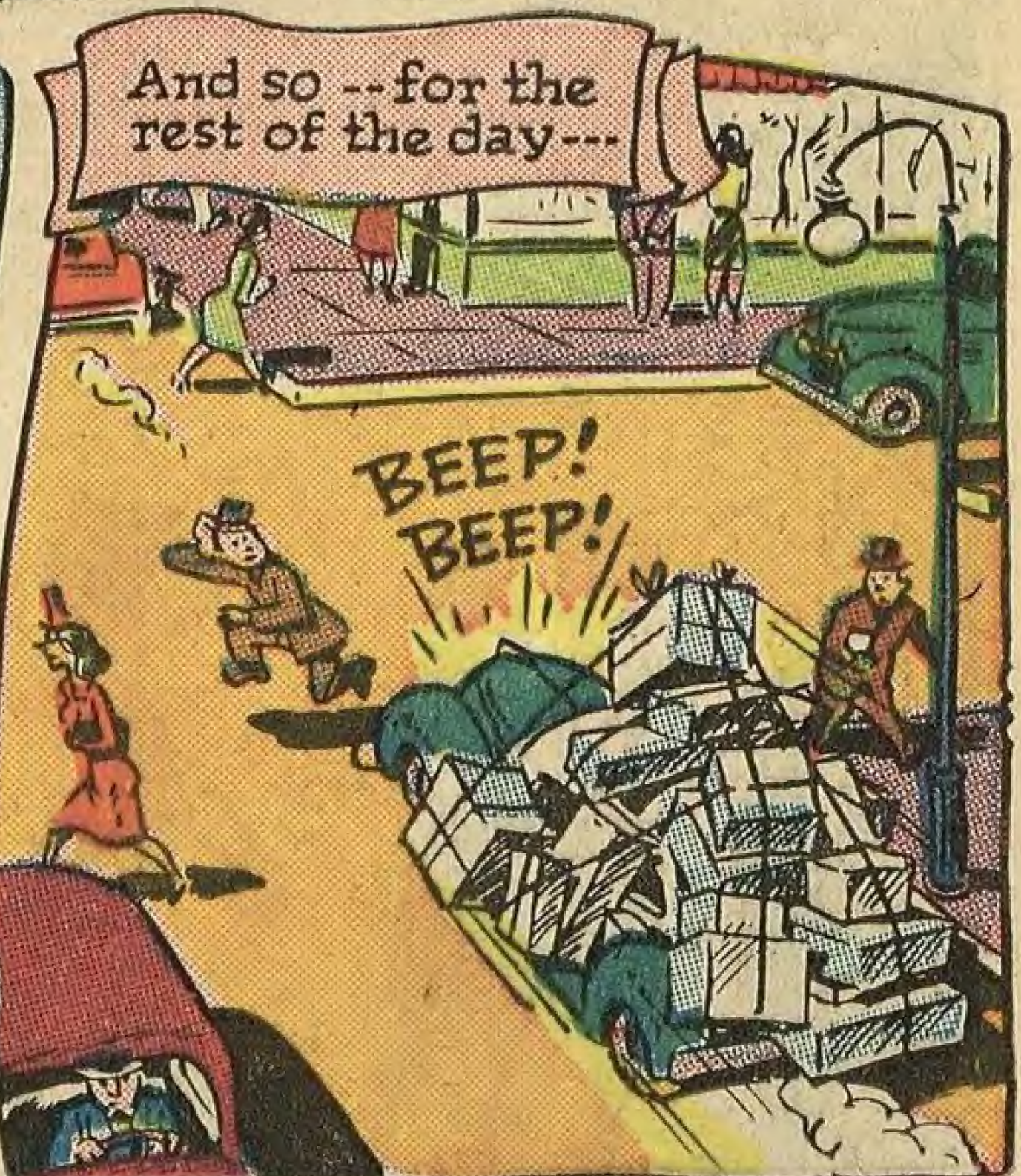


WE'VE GOT A CAR  
OUTSIDE AN' WE'D  
LIKE TA TAKE  
THAT JOB!

OKAY -- OKAY! WOT'RE  
YA WAITIN' FER?  
BACK HER IN AN'  
LOAD UP!

**SHIPPING  
ROOM**

**BOSS**



And so -- for the  
rest of the day---

**BEEP!  
BEEP!**





Until---

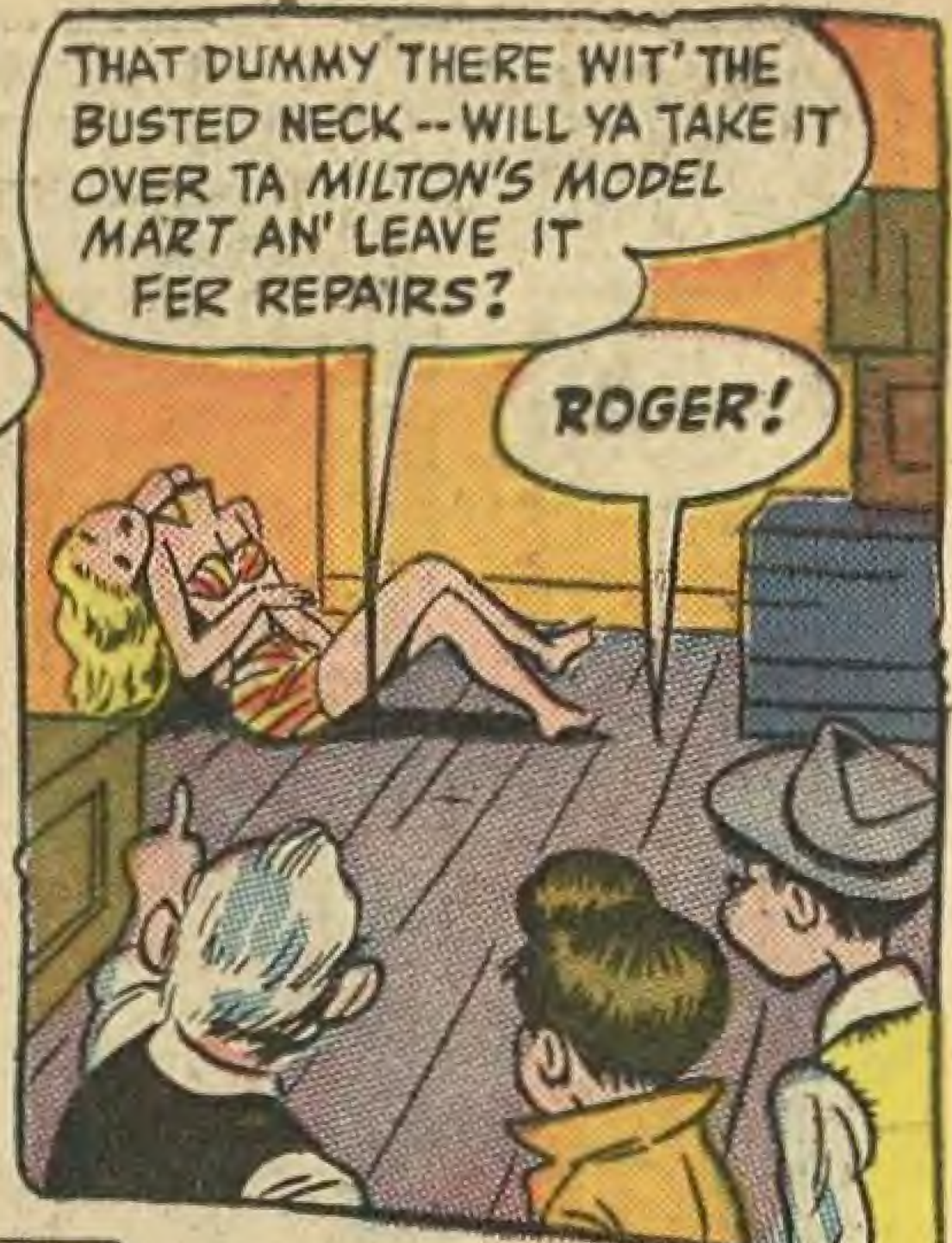
THERE Y'ARE, BOYS! YA DID A FINE DAY'S WORK!

OH, THANKS! THANKS A LOT!



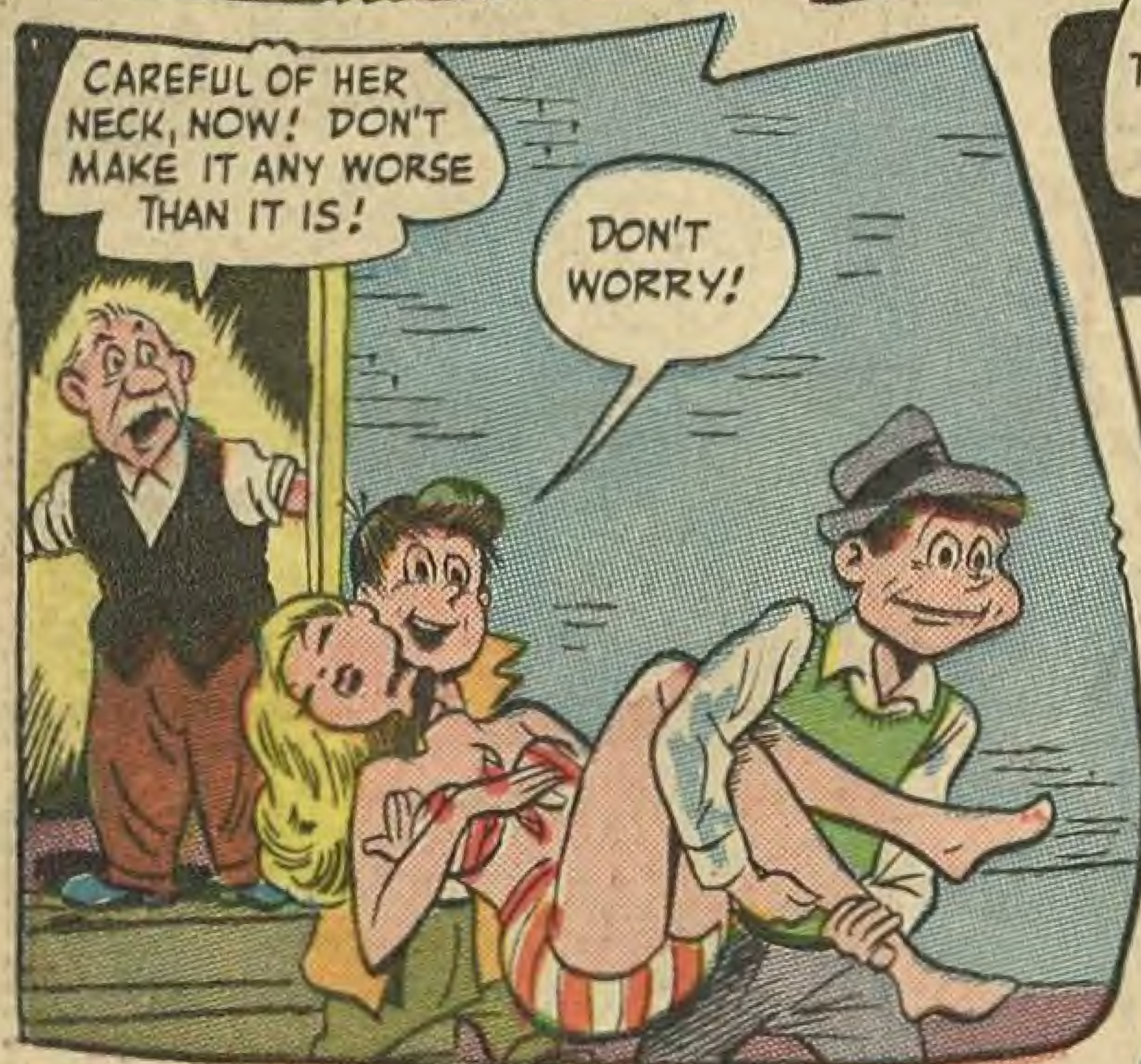
BUT SAY--BEFORE YA LEAVE, WOULDJA DO ME A FAVOR?

SURE! OF COURSE!



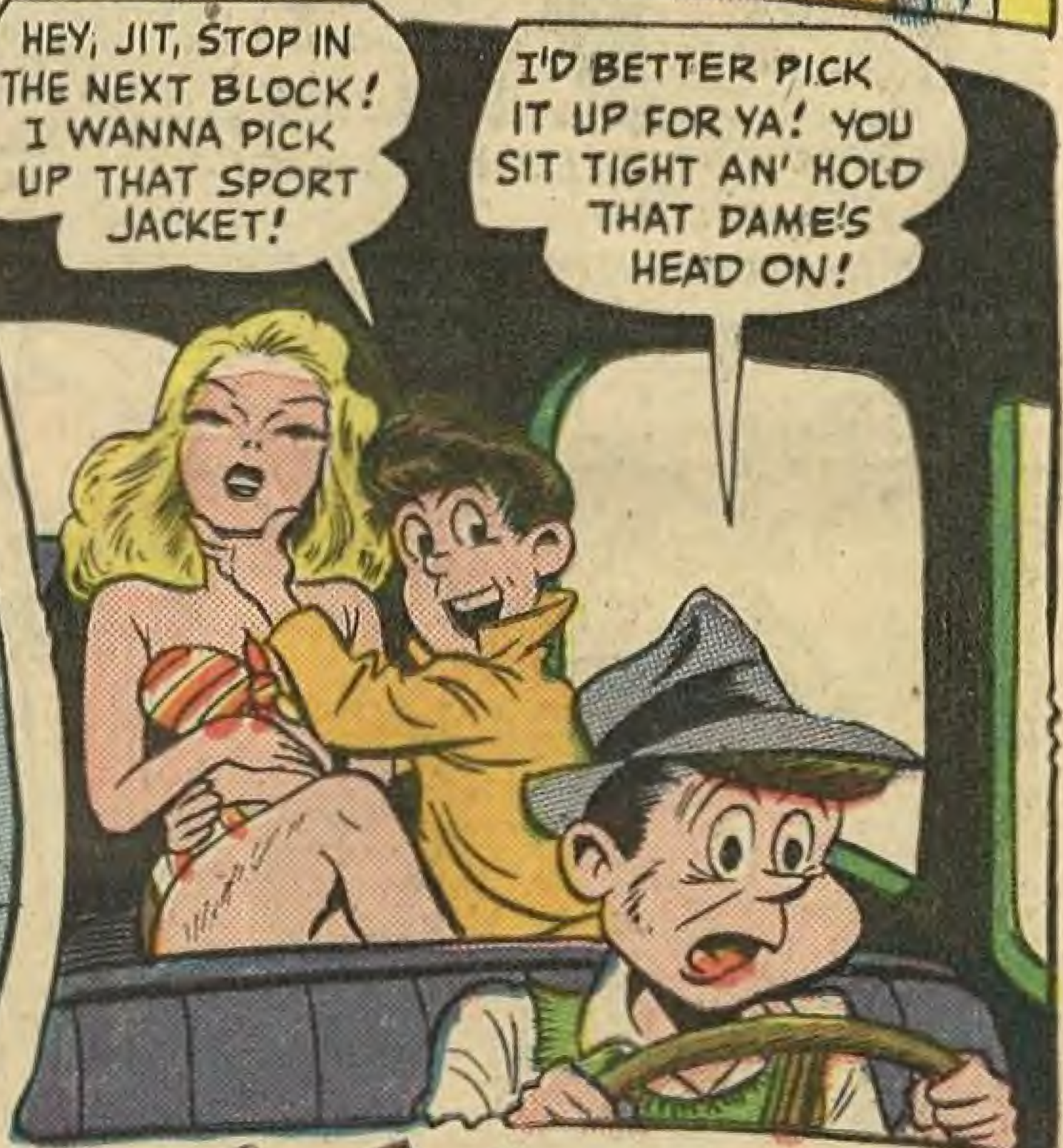
THAT DUMMY THERE WIT' THE BUSTED NECK--WILL YA TAKE IT OVER TA MILTON'S MODEL MART AN' LEAVE IT FER REPAIRS?

ROGER!



CAREFUL OF HER NECK, NOW! DON'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE THAN IT IS!

DON'T WORRY!



HEY, JIT, STOP IN THE NEXT BLOCK! I WANNA PICK UP THAT SPORT JACKET!

I'D BETTER PICK IT UP FOR YA! YOU SIT TIGHT AN' HOLD THAT DAME'S HEAD ON!



H'LO, JITTERBUCK! SEEN COOKIE?

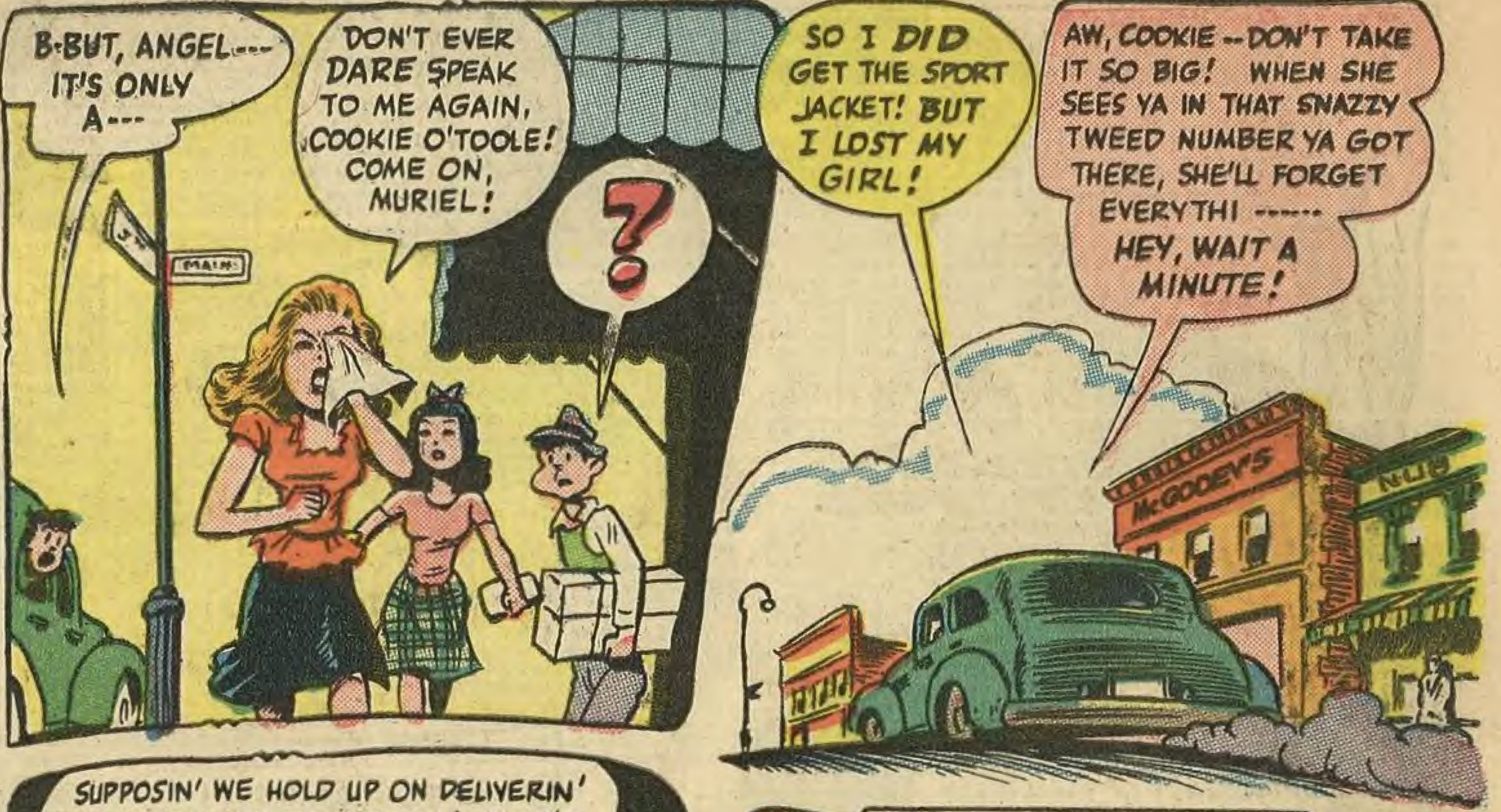
SURE, ANGELPUSS! HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE IN THE CAR!



C-COOKIE!

ANGELPUSS!





B-BUT, ANGEL---  
IT'S ONLY  
A---

DON'T EVER  
DARE SPEAK  
TO ME AGAIN,  
COOKIE O'TOOLE!  
COME ON,  
MURIEL!

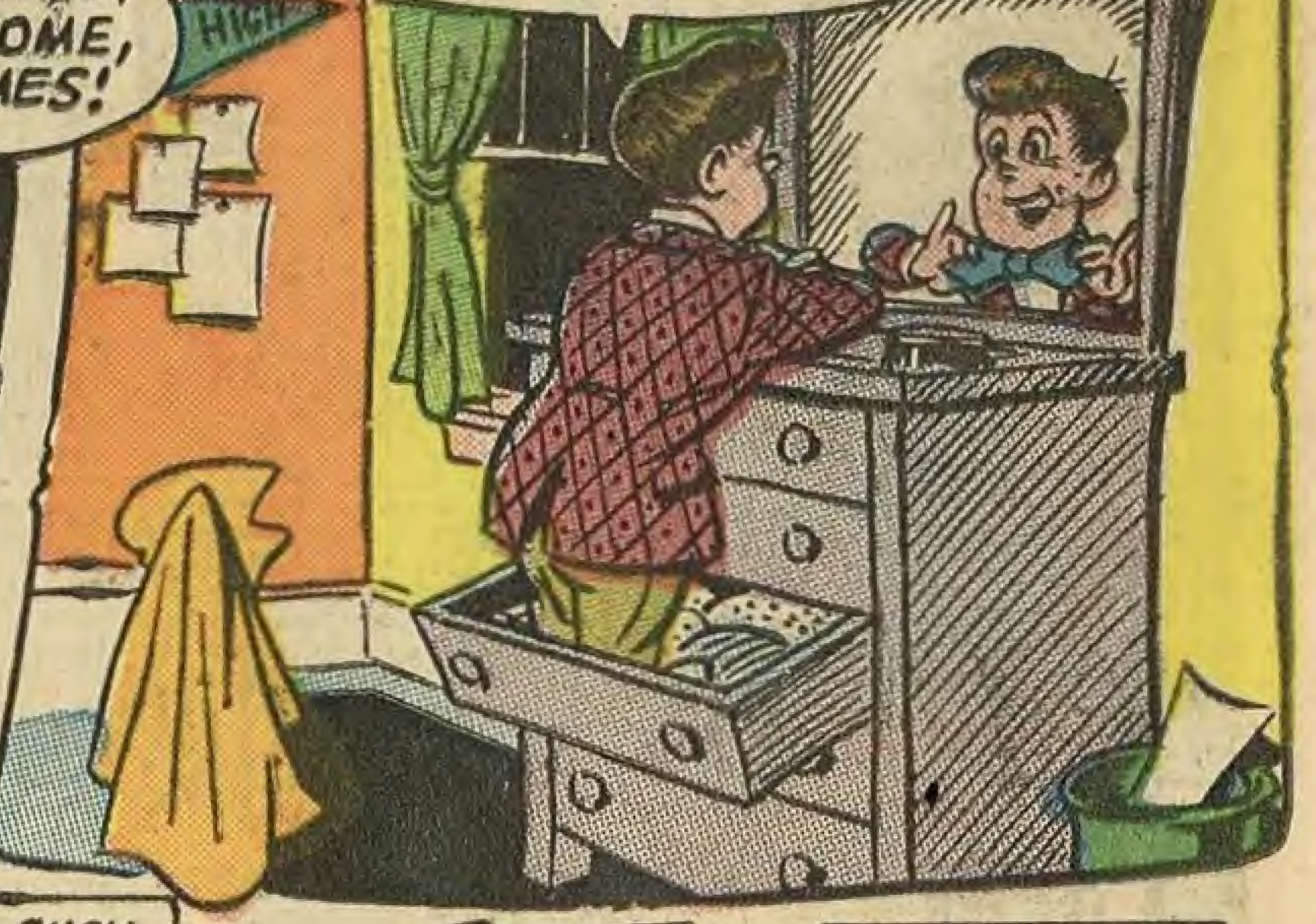
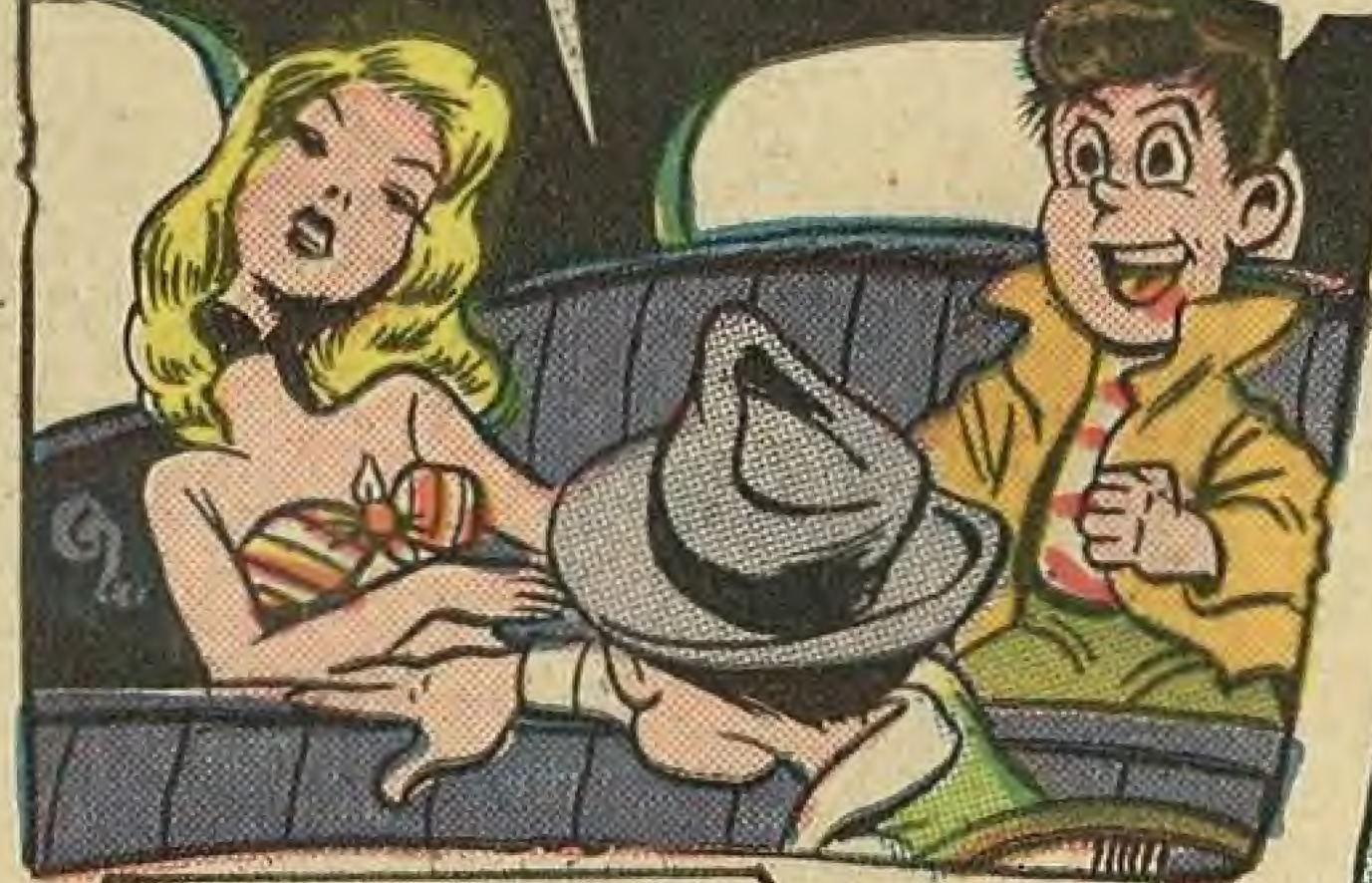
SO I DID  
GET THE SPORT  
JACKET! BUT  
I LOST MY  
GIRL!

AW, COOKIE --DON'T TAKE  
IT SO BIG! WHEN SHE  
SEES YA IN THAT SNAZZY  
TWEED NUMBER YA GOT  
THERE, SHE'LL FORGET  
EVERYTHI -----  
HEY, WAIT A  
MINUTE!

SUPPOSIN' WE HOLD UP ON DELIVERIN'  
THIS BABE UNTIL TOMORROW! THAT'D  
GIVE YA TIME TA TROT 'ER OVER TA  
ANGELPUSS'S TONIGHT AN' PROVE  
SHE'S ONLY A DUMMY!

I COULD  
KISS YER  
UGLY FACE,  
JIT! HOME,  
JAMES!

BOY, WITH JIT'S BRAINS AN'  
MY LOOKS, I GOT A GREAT  
FUTURE AHEAD O' ME!



WELL, MOM, I'M GLAD  
YA LIKE THE NEW RAG!  
GUESS I'LL DASH OVER  
AN' GIVE THE GORGEOUS  
MISS WITHERSPOON  
A TREAT!

ANGELPUSS IS SUCH  
A NICE GIRL--EVEN IF  
SHE IS THE DAUGHTER  
OF YOUR PA'S BOSS! YOUR  
FATHER JUST LEFT FOR THERE  
IN THE CAR --- HE AND MR.  
WITHERSPOON ARE  
GOING TO SEE  
THE MAYOR!

HE T-TOOK  
THE CAR? BUT  
MA -- THE  
DUMMY!  
'THE---

NOW, NOW, SON!  
IS THAT A NICE  
WAY TO TALK  
ABOUT YOUR POOR  
FATHER?





IF -- IF I CAN JUST -- **PUFF** --  
MAKE IT OVER THERE BEFORE THEY  
LEAVE FOR THE MAYOR'S, I CAN  
STILL SHOW ANGELPUSS  
THAT DUMMY AN'  
CLEAR MYSELF!



**Oh-OH! Here comes ZOOT!**

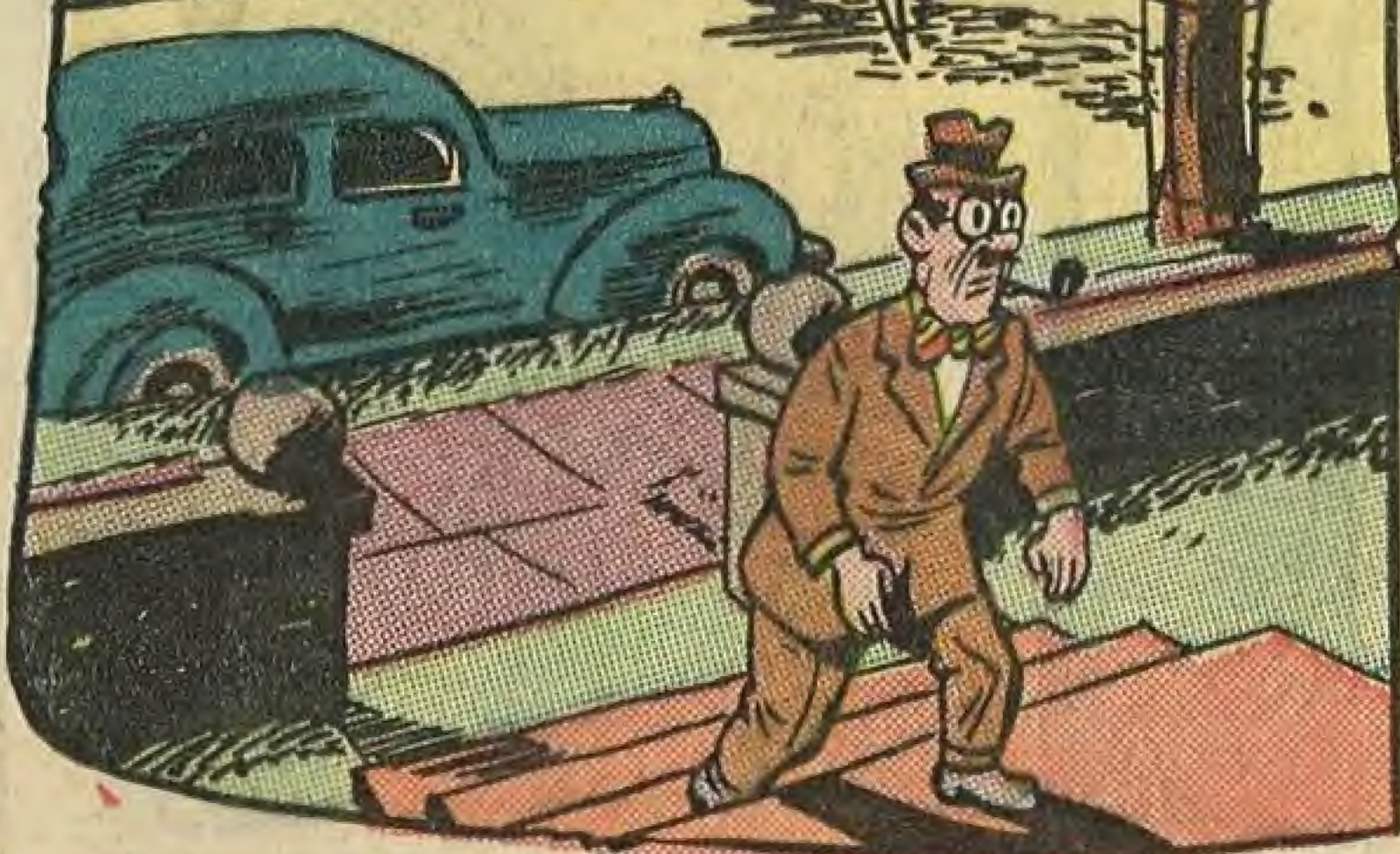
HUH -- THAT RUNT COOKIE  
BOUGHT THE LAST O' THEM NIFTY  
JACKETS! OH, WELL -- WITH MY  
LOOKS AN' CHARM, I DON'T  
NEED ANYTHIN' ELSE!



NUTS! --- IT'S ONLY A **DUMMY!**  
FER A MINUTE, I THOUGHT I  
HAD 'IM ON A **MURDER**  
RAP!



WITHERSPOON'S WASTING HIS  
TIME, GOING TO SEE THE MAYOR  
TONIGHT! THAT OLD CRANK'LL  
NEVER LET US BUILD  
OUR NEW PLANT ON  
THAT PROPERTY!



THE O'TOOLE CAR -- HOW D'YA LIKE  
THAT! HE NOT ONLY BEATS ME TA THE  
JACKET, BUT ALSO THE GIRL!  
WHY, I'LL --- WOT THE ---!  
THERE'S A DAME  
ON THE FLOOR!



NOW LOOK, PAL -- YA AIN'T GONNA  
PASS UP A CHANCE LIKE **THIS**, ARE  
YA? AFTER ALL, SOME DUMB COP  
DON'T HAFTA KNOW IT'S A  
DUMMY, AN' ---  
OH, WELL!

I HEARS  
YA TALKIN',  
JACKSON!



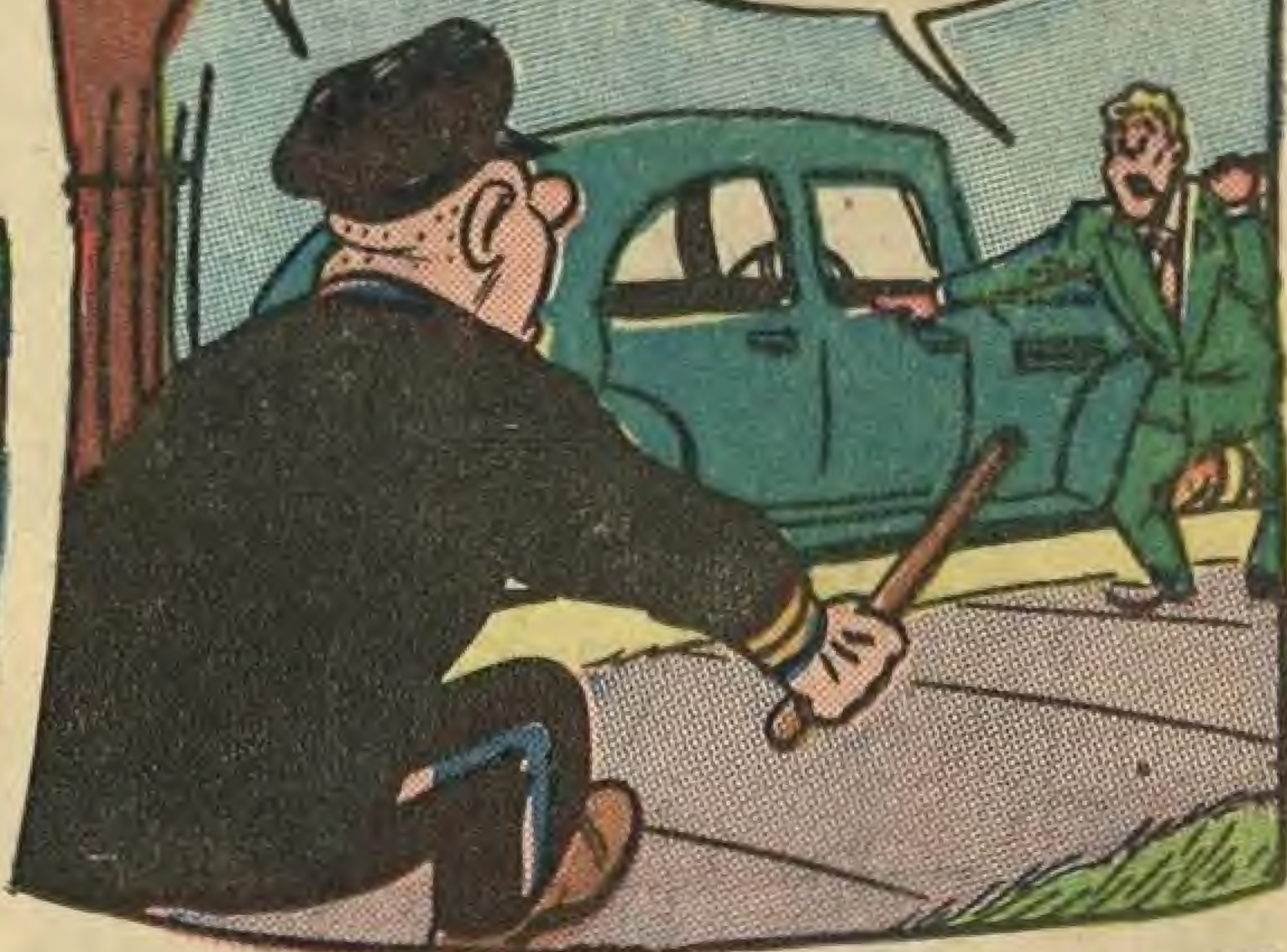


**HALP! POLICE!  
MURDER!**



WOT'S UP, SON?  
I SAY, SON --  
WOT'S UP?  
THAT IS---

THERE'S A MURDERED  
WOMAN IN THIS CAR,  
OFFICER --- AN' THE  
RAT WHO DID IT  
IS IN THAT  
HOUSE!



BEDAD AN'  
YER RIGHT!  
IT'S A  
EXTINCT  
DAME!

WATCH IT! --  
THERE'S SOMEBODY  
COMIN' OUT OF THE  
HOUSE NOW!  
PROBABLY  
THE KILLER!



I'LL DUCK BEHIND  
THIS TREE AN' WATCH  
THE FUN!



COME, MR  
WITHERSPOON  
---WE'LL HAVE  
TO HURRY!

EVENING,  
OFFICER!



"EVENIN', OFFICER,"  
HE SEZ!...YE RASCALLY  
MURDERERS!







HOLY SOCKS, IT WASN'T COOKIE AT ALL! IT'S HIS OLD MAN -- AN' MR. WITHERSPOON!

I'LL 'JUST DUMP YOUSE BEASTS IN WIT' DE VICTIM AN' DRIVE YEZ TA THE COOLER!



OH-OH! THERE THEY GO! I BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY SPOTS ME!



OOF!

URMF!



ZOOT! WERE YOU AT ANGELPUSS'S HOUSE?

ER---NO, COOKIE! I WUZ JUST SORTA WALKIN' PAST AN' BUMPED INTA YA!



TELL ME QUICK! WHEN YA WALKED PAST, WUZ POP'S CAR THERE?

ER--AH--IT WAS JUST SORTA DRIVIN' AWAY!



AREN'T YOU--AHEM! -- GOIN' TA SEE ANGELPUSS? HUH?

NAW, SHE'S SORE AT ME! I'LL MUSH ON DOWN TA THE SODA JERKERIE WITH YOU!









YESSIR!  
COMIN',  
SIR!

A-HEM! WOULD YOU  
BE THE BRAVE, ALERT YOUNG  
PATROLMAN WHO'S  
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE  
APPREHENSION OF THOSE  
RUTHLESS KILLERS?

'TIS MODEST  
I AM, SIR...  
BUT I'M THE  
ONE, BEGORRY!  
WOULD THERE  
BE A REWARD,  
NOW?



YEH -- A BIG  
REWARD!  
HERE!

BLAM!



AH, A SORRY  
DAY IT WAS WHEN  
I JOINED THE  
COPS!

HE'S GONNA  
TURN POP  
LOOSE! MAYBE  
WE BETTER  
HIDE!



--AND AS WE -- AH-- HAVE  
APPREHENDED THE REAL --ER--  
KILLER, IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY  
TO DETAIN YOU! I'LL -- AH --  
APPRECIATE YER KEEPIN' THIS  
ENTIRE THING A SECRET, AS --  
--ER-- AH --

OKAY, OFFICER!  
BUT THIS DOESN'T  
CHANGE THINGS FOR  
YOU, O'TOOLE --  
YOU'RE STILL  
FIRED!

POOR  
POP!



AS FOR YOU, BOYS, I WANT  
YA TO KNOW I'LL BE EVER-  
LASTINGLY GRATEFUL! IF THIS  
THING EVER REACHED THE  
MAYOR, I'D BE  
RUINED!

DON'T  
WORRY, SIR!  
WE WON'T  
SAY A  
WORD!



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!  
DO YOU BY ANY CHANCE  
**KNOW** THE  
MAYOR?

DO I?... HIM  
AND ME ARE  
JUST LIKE  
THAT!

THEN MAYBE YA  
MIGHT BE ABLE TO  
DO ME A BIG FAVOR,  
HUH?

SON, FOR YOU IT'S  
AS GOOD AS DONE!  
WOT'S ON YER  
MIND?



Later...

BUT, POP,  
YOU'RE NOT *SURE*  
THAT COOKIE...

I GOT AN INSTINCT!  
WHEN THINGS GO *THIS*  
HAYWIRE, HE'S ALWAYS  
AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!  
GET UP TO YOUR ROOM,  
MOM -- HE'S COMIN'  
NOW!

COME HERE,  
YOU LITTLE--

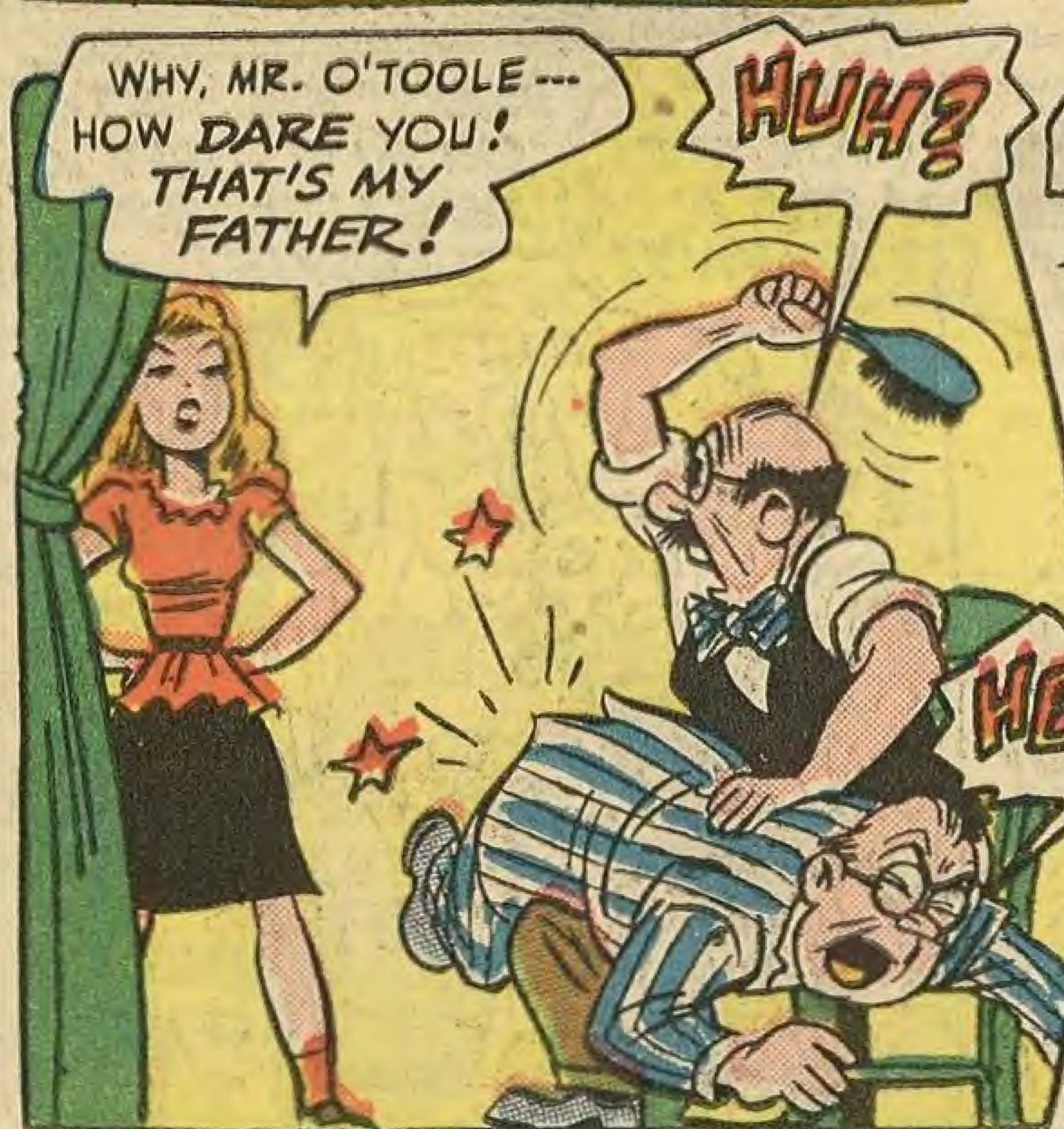


WHY, MR. O'TOOLE ---  
HOW *DARE* YOU!  
THAT'S MY  
FATHER!

**HUH?**

MR.  
WITHERSPOON!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
HERE?

I CAME TO TELL YOU  
THAT THE MAYOR CALLED  
AND SAID WE COULD GO  
AHEAD WITH THE NEW  
PLANT --- AND THAT I  
COULD THANK YOUR BOY  
COOKIE FOR HELPING  
HIM CHANGE HIS  
MIND!



**HEY!**







THANKS FER HELPIN' ME HOME WITH THE LADY, JIT! G'NITE!

S'LONG, COOKIE! WE'LL DELIVER HER TA THE REPAIR PLACE FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'!



MY PROMOTION--- MY RAISE--- OH, BOY!

SH-HHH! I HEAR COOKIE COMING NOW--AND I WANT YOU TO BE NICE TO HIM!

I'LL TRY, DAD, BUT AFTER WHAT I SAW THIS AFTERNOON, I-----



MY SON! MY SON!

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP WITH THE MAYOR, MY BOY!

OH, DON'T THANK ME, FOLKS! IF IT WASN'T FER THIS DUMMY HERE---

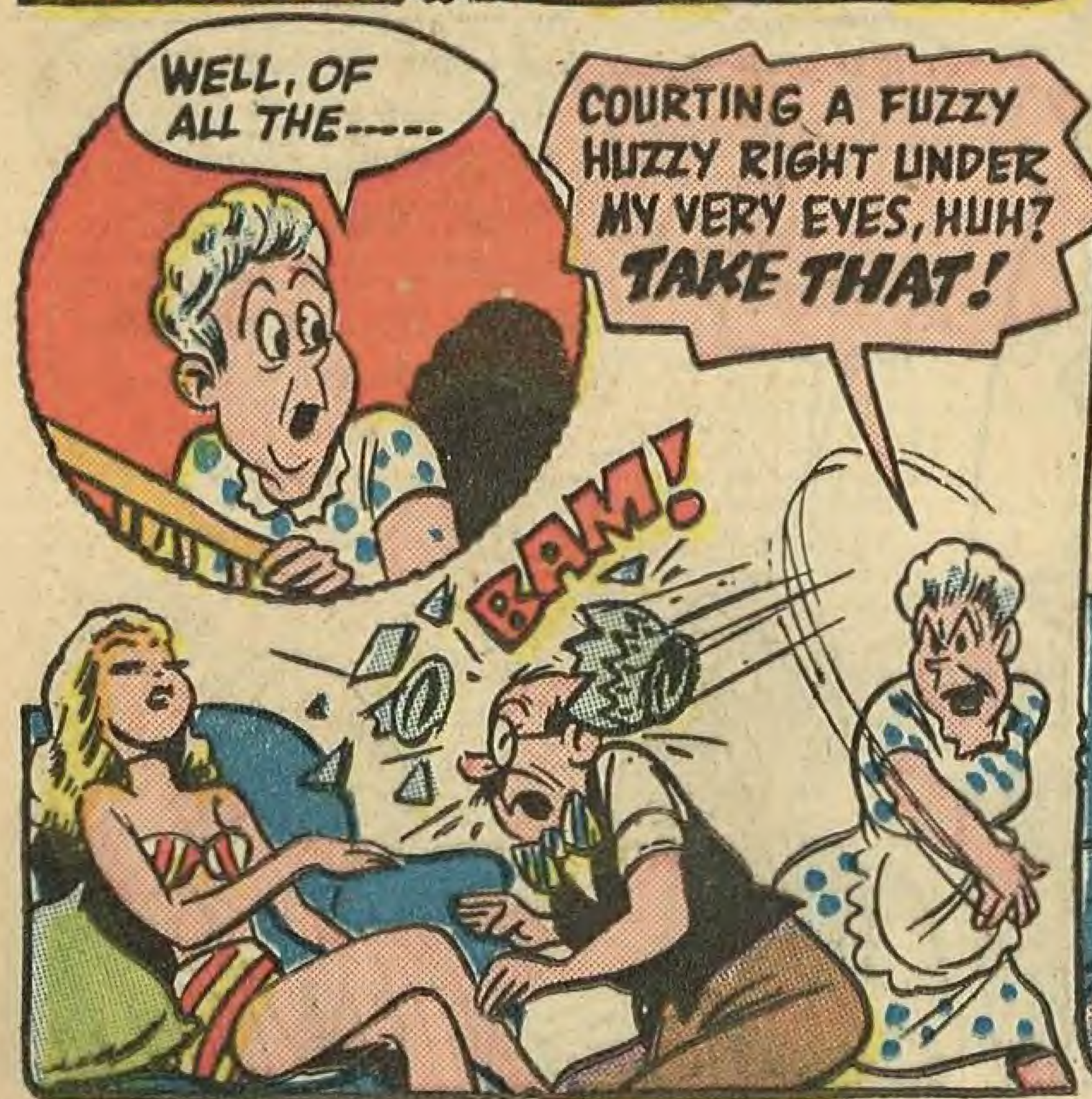
DUMMY!



OH, COOKIE-- I'VE BEEN SO STUPID!

DUMMY OR NOT, MR. WITHERSPOON, I THINK SHE'S A FINE LADY!

HA-HA!



WELL, OF ALL THE-----

COURTING A FUZZY HUZZY RIGHT UNDER MY VERY EYES, HUH? TAKE THAT!

BAM!



B--BUT MOM--SHE'S ONLY A DUMMY!

HUMPH! WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS --THEY MAKE A WONDERFUL COUPLE!

The END



# THE CHAMP

**"IF** there's anything *I* go for," breathed Angelpuss, "it's a CHAMPION!"

Zoot's chest swelled as he studied the placard Angelpuss was reading. It announced the big five-mile marathon race that Harelip High was sponsoring—and he knew that he was a sure winner. After all, wasn't he a trained athlete, a speedy runner whose space-devouring stride guaranteed victory? A grin of self-assurance touched his lips as, with a nonchalant hand, he patted the head of "Killer", the huge and fierce Great Dane that he had but recently acquired. The dog was a frightening specimen, and Zoot gloried in it. He had, in fact, secretly trained him to go for certain people—notably, Cookie O'Toole. And now Cookie himself was approaching, together with the rest of the gang!

Only the fact that the big Dane was chained to a post permitted Cookie's approach—and he was pretty wary about it! No, he wasn't afraid of animals—but there was something about the way that dog always went for him which made discretion the better part of valor. Backing apprehensively from the beast's growls and lunges, he joined in the discussion of the coming marathon.

"One thing ya can be sure of," proclaimed Zoot. "I'm gonna be champ!" He turned to Angelpuss, smiling condescendingly. "The winner oughta get some reward, huh? How's about comin' ta the Autumn Carnival with me?"

He was the first to ask her, and Angelpuss didn't want to turn him down cold. But that self-assurance of his! "All right," she said finally. "I'll go with the winner. And if you win—"

Zoot chortled with triumph. It was as good as done! But the rest of the gang felt the fires of hatred—and jealousy. The nerve of that guy, taking things for granted that way! And why should *he* get to take Angelpuss? Thus it was that Jitterbuck decided to enter the marathon. And Hep. And Downbeat. And, finally—Cookie!

Came the day and the moment of the great event. The contestants were ranged along the starting line. The big race was about to get underway. Zoot was an imposing figure in his trim track suit, speed written in every sinew

of his big and rangy body. Keenly aware of the admiring eyes of the large audience grouped about, he laughed sarcastically as he took in the makeshift outfits of the other racers. There was Cookie, attired for the occasion in something resembling a cut-down potato bag. Still, thought Zoot, you never could tell! Cookie was little, but wiry. He'd be easily outdistanced in the early part of the race, but that second wind of his—! He'd have to do something about *that*. Zoot sneered as Cookie jumped nervously out of reach of Killer, who had been tied to a pole near the starting line, and, as usual was lunging snarlingly in Cookie's direction.

Everyone was quiet as the starter gave the directions. The five-mile marathon course was roughly circular, and was staked out by special guideposts bearing arrows. The starting line would also be the finish line, the contestants following a clockwise course. The starter raised his pistol. BANG! And the racers were off!

Zoot had a tremendous lead at the halfway mark. It had been ridiculously simple—but he didn't know if it would last. He knew that Cookie, although quite a distance back, was in second place—but who knew what would happen in the home stretch? Zoot wasn't taking any chances, so when he came to a small cross-road, he turned the guidepost so that it pointed in that direction. He hid in the bushes by the roadside until Cookie came galumphing up—

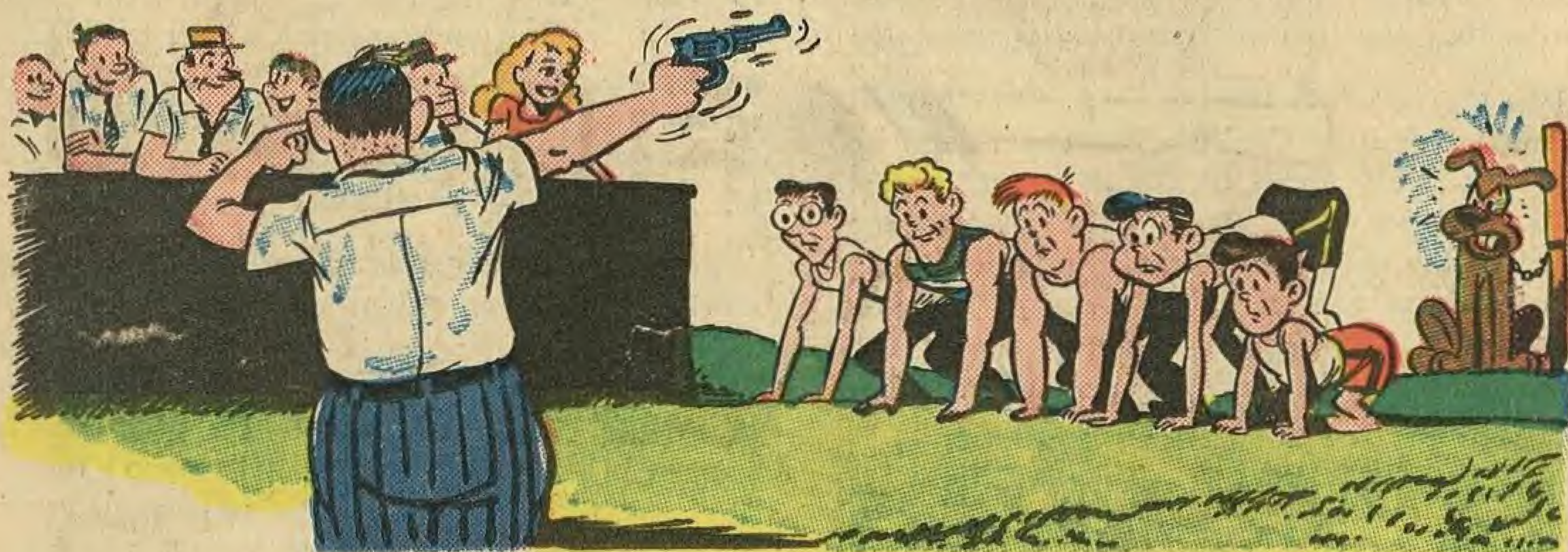




and off on the wrong road, following the direction of the evilly-changed arrow!

Zoot made sure to turn the guidepost back to its proper direction just as soon as the misguided Cookie had passed from view. He had nothing to fear from the other contestants—and if everyone took the wrong turn, the judges would know that there'd been dirty work! Zoot laughed heartily as he resumed the race. He knew that the road which Cookie had followed doubled back gradually, so that Cookie wouldn't even know he was going in the wrong direction until it came out on the main course—back at the starting line!

And so it was that the onlookers, looking off in one direction for the first sight of the runners coming in to finish, were electrified to see a lone figure plodding back—towards the start! Cookie didn't know exactly what to make of it, either.



How could he be winning when he hadn't passed Zoot? But in a moment, this thought was driven clear out of his mind. Killer, Zoot's fierce Great Dane, spotted him—and things began to happen! **Crack!** It was the dog's leash snapping as he strained toward the lone racer. Before Cookie loomed a terrifying vision of snarling jaws agape, of flashing fangs which reached hungrily for him. In his panic-stricken mind there beat a single thought: escape! In a flash he had turned running madly for safety. He was hardly conscious of the fact that he was following the original race course now, racing frantically along the path taken by the contestants, who by now must have almost completed their race.

It wasn't running. Call it flying, rather, with a panting monster close behind him, its hot breath fanning the fire of his fear. And it was that fear which lent wings to Cookie's feet.

Faster, faster, with the landscape reeling, whizzing past him like a bad dream. A few straggling figures—the tail end of the marathon procession—came into sight, and in a moment had dropped far behind his drumming heels. Telling about it later, Jitterbuck said, "Jaspers! It wuz like 'a arrow goin' past me!" Hep disagreed—he insisted it was just a plain blur. And Downbeat said they were *both* wrong—what it was was a *cyclone*!

Zoot, far in the lead, knew nothing of all this, of course. With Cookie out of the way, presumably, it had been a cinch. For wasn't the finish line a bare twenty yards ahead—with nobody within a mile of him? And there was the crowd of spectators, cheering madly. "That's fer ME!" thought Zoot, a triumphant grin lighting his face. So Angelpuss liked champs, did she? She'd have plenty of chances to show

it—at the Autumn Carnival, with Zoot, the champ of champs, as her escort!

It was then that it happened. With a whiz, something shot past him in a blur of motion—trailed by another blur, seemingly. That snap—it was the tape breaking at the finish line! And those cheers—what did they mean? "HORRAH FOR COOKIE!" "YAY—COOKIE O'TOOLE WINS!" "COOKIE! COOKIE!"

Yes, the big marathon was over—and Cookie had won! As for Killer, Zoot's fierce dog, he was never heard from again. Some said that he had gathered such speed, such terrific momentum in his pursuit of Cookie, that he had run clear into the next state, and hadn't been able to find his way back. But Cookie didn't care about *that*. After all, a champ can't be bothered with details—especially when he was going to take Angelpuss to the Autumn Carnival!



# GILES

GEE WHIZ, MOM, DOES EVERYBODY HAVE THIS HARD A TIME FINDIN' A PLACE TO LIVE?

I'M SORRY, GILES, BUT THERE'S A HOUSING SHORTAGE, YOU KNOW! I'M TIRED TOO!

927

**NO**  
VACANCIES

WHY DON'T WE BUY A HOUSE, MOM?

THAT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY, GILES, AND WE'RE POOR! WELL, LET'S TRY THIS PLACE! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE!

**RE**  
**ES**

RENTAL

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL GIVE US THE SAME ANSWER AS THE REST, BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FURNISHED HOUSE!

WELL, IT SO HAPPENS, MA'AM, THAT I HAVE A FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT!





**YOU HAVE?**  
WE'LL TAKE IT!

OH, BOY!  
FINALLY!

FINE!  
IT HAS 10  
BATHS, 14  
BEDROOMS,  
AN ATTIC  
AND A--



COME ON, GILES, I  
KNEW THERE WAS  
A CATCH TO IT  
SOMEPLACE! WE  
COULDN'T AFFORD  
A MANSION LIKE  
THAT!

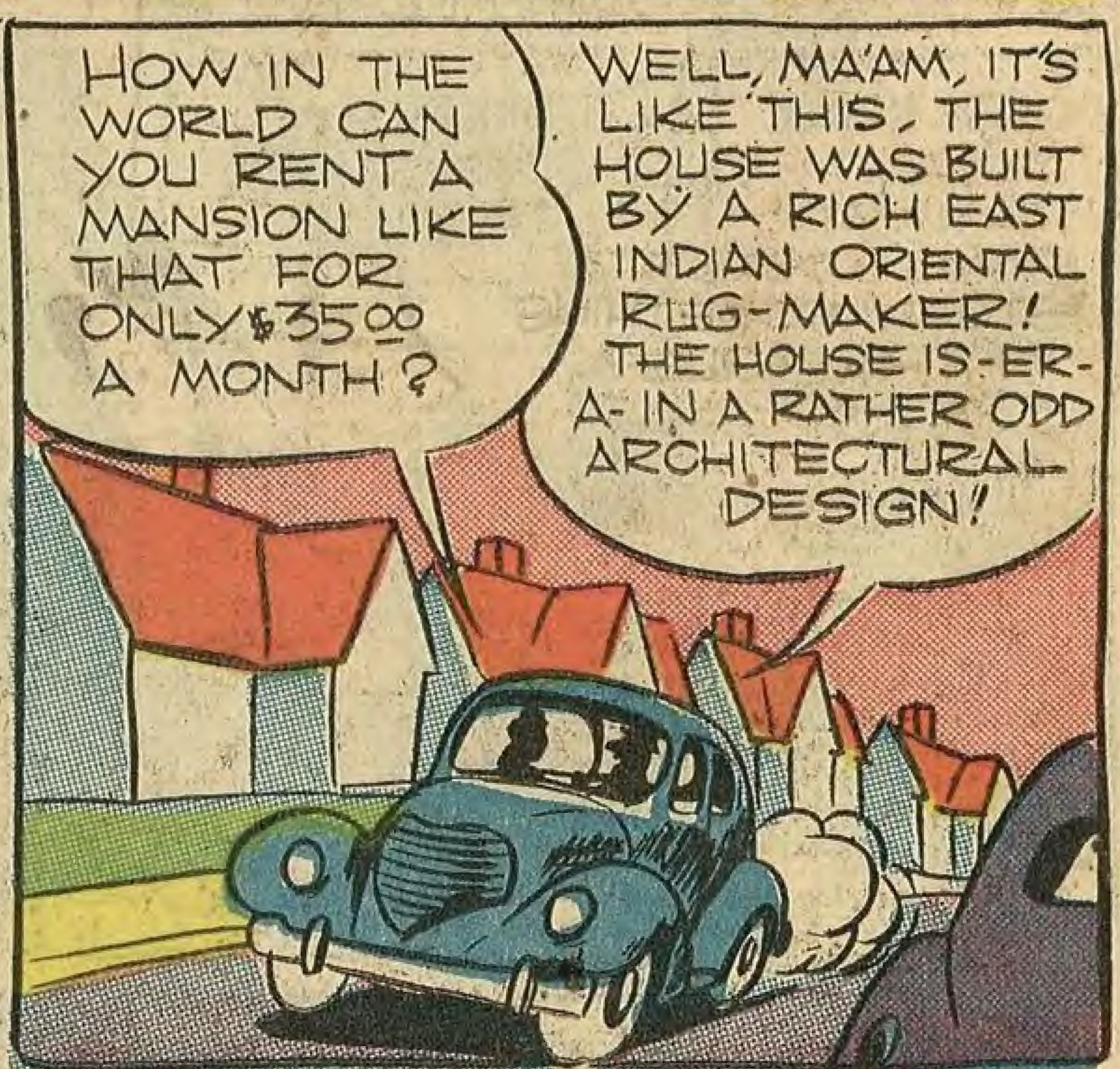
BUT, MADAM!  
WAIT!  
WAIT!

GEE WHIZ!  
HERE WE  
GO AGAIN!



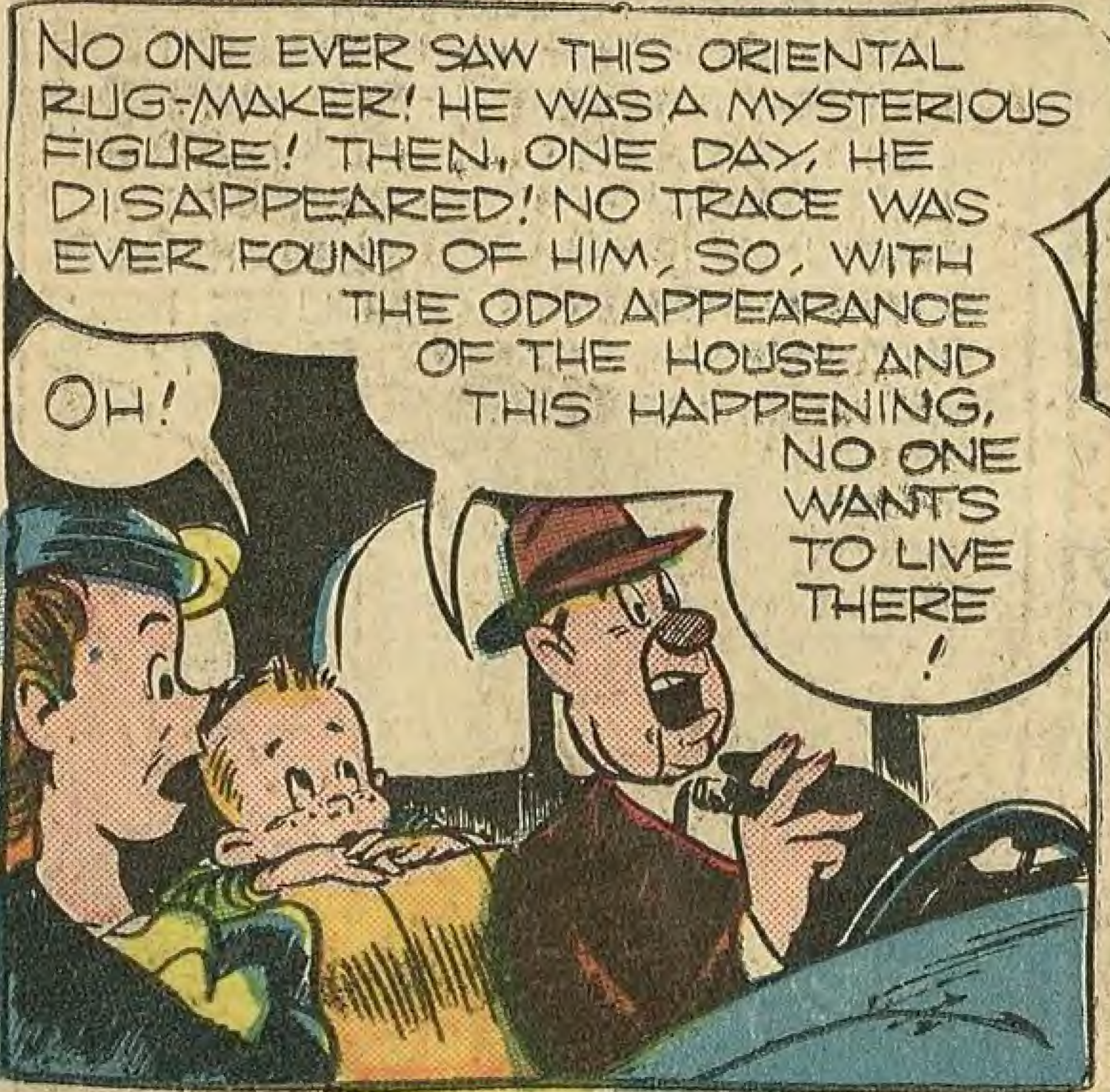
WAIT! THE RENT IS ONLY  
\$35.00 A MONTH! WON'T YOU  
LET ME SHOW IT TO YOU?

WHAT?



HOW IN THE  
WORLD CAN  
YOU RENT A  
MANSION LIKE  
THAT FOR  
ONLY \$35.00  
A MONTH?

WELL, MA'AM, IT'S  
LIKE THIS, THE  
HOUSE WAS BUILT  
BY A RICH EAST  
INDIAN ORIENTAL  
RUG-MAKER!  
THE HOUSE IS-ER-  
A- IN A RATHER ODD  
ARCHITECTURAL  
DESIGN!



NO ONE EVER SAW THIS ORIENTAL  
RUG-MAKER! HE WAS A MYSTERIOUS  
FIGURE! THEN, ONE DAY, HE  
DISAPPEARED! NO TRACE WAS  
EVER FOUND OF HIM, SO, WITH  
THE ODD APPEARANCE  
OF THE HOUSE AND  
THIS HAPPENING,  
NO ONE  
WANTS  
TO LIVE  
THERE!

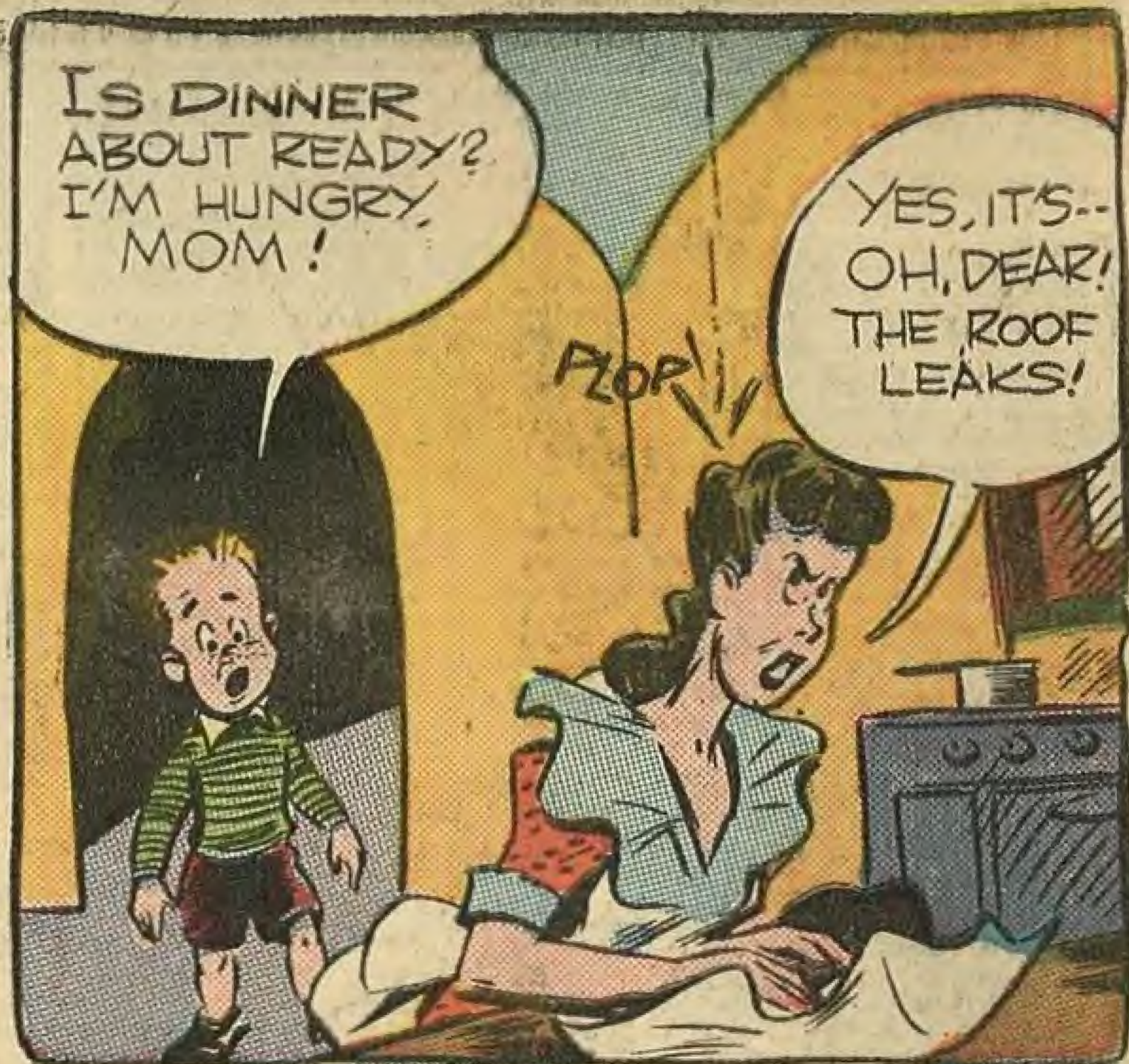
OH!



THERE IT  
IS, MA'AM

IT IS ODD,  
BUT WE'LL  
TAKE IT!

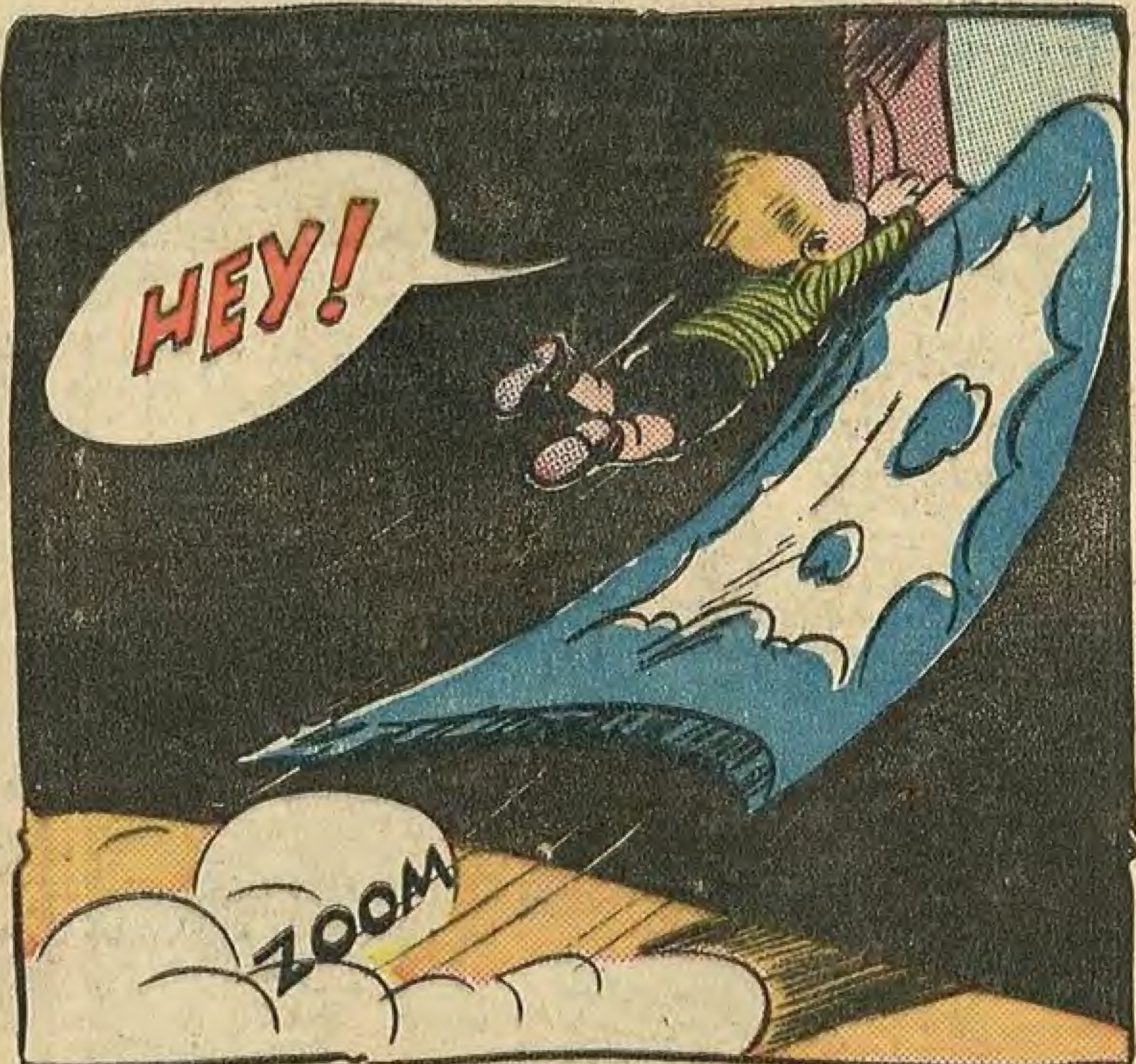






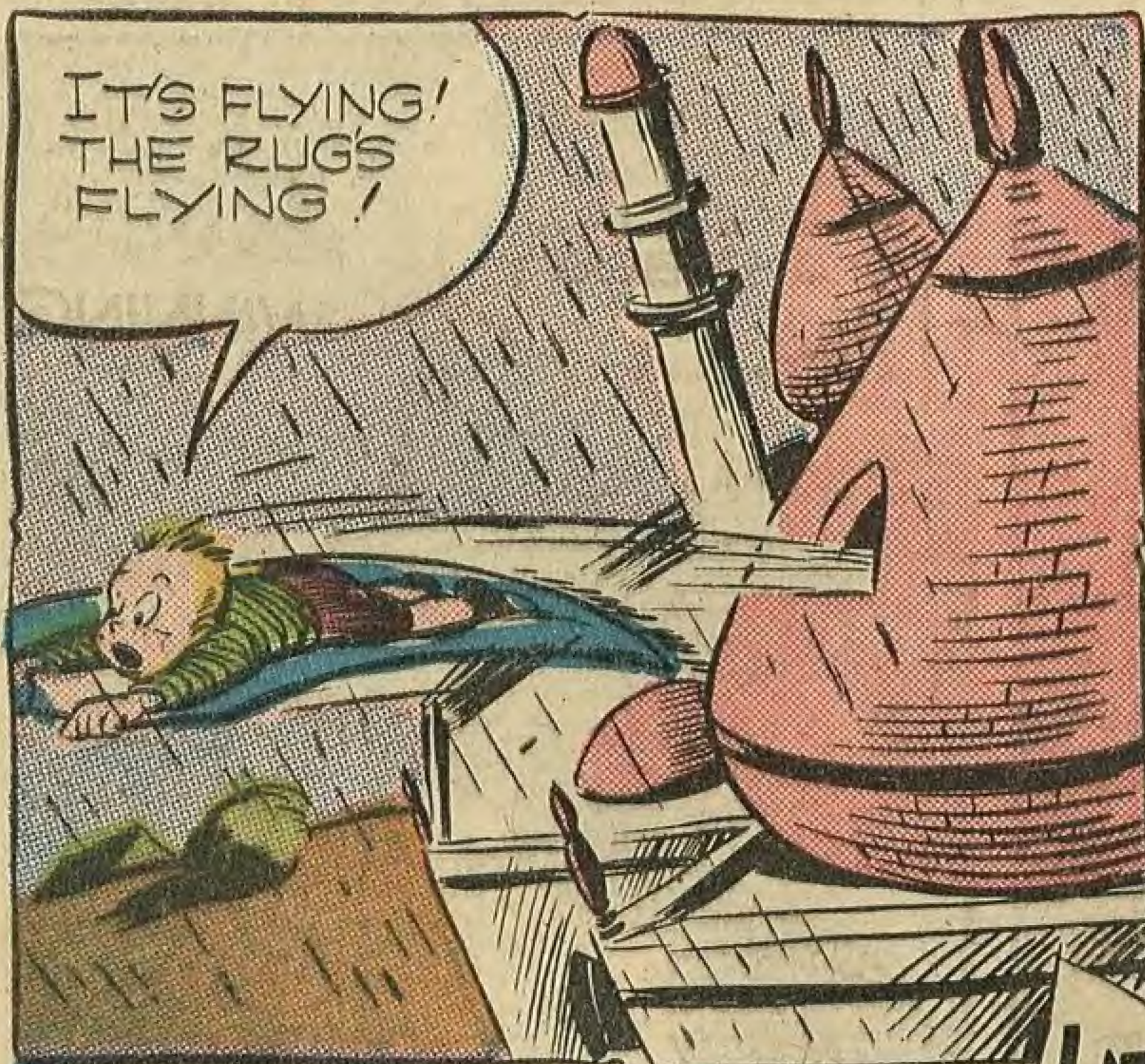


WELL, I GOT TH' RUG, BUT JEEPERS, IT'LL BE A BIG JOB TO GET UP TO THAT HOLE! WISH I COULD FLY, I'D--



HEY!

ZOOM



IT'S FLYING! THE RUG'S FLYING!



OH, BOY! THIS IS FUN! AND IT'S EASY TO FLY, TOO! I BETTER GET BACK BEFORE MOM SEES ME!

SWOOSH

LATER



I'LL JUST LEAVE MY RUG UP HERE! IF MOM KNEW ABOUT IT, SHE'D TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME! SHE'D BE AFRAID I'D GET HURT!



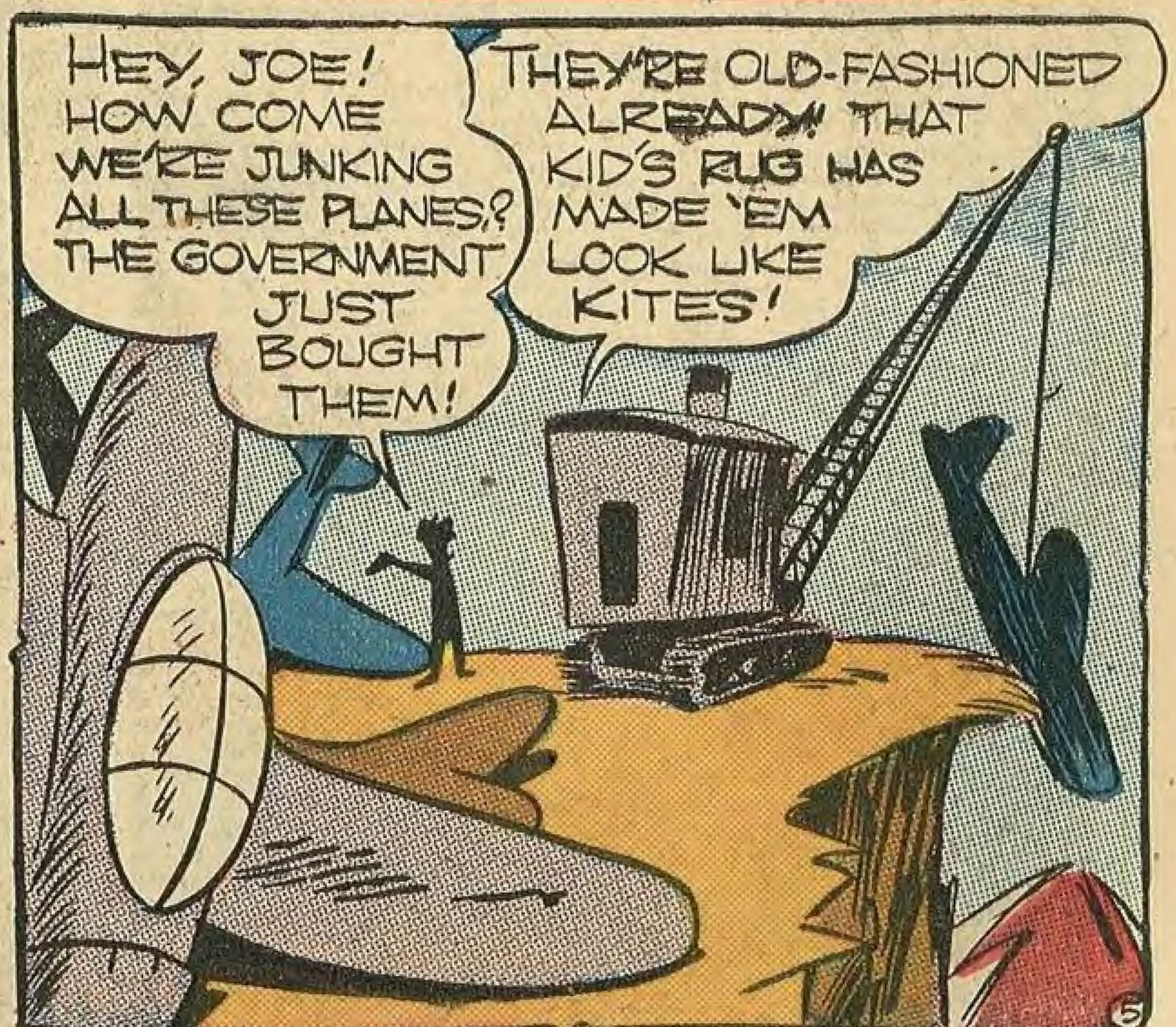
OKAY, MOM!

I'LL GET A MAN TO FIX THE ROOF TOMORROW! YOU RUN ON UP TO BED NOW, GILES!

GEE, LOOK AT THAT! 20,000 DOLLARS! IF I COULD WIN THAT WITH MY RUG, MOM AND I COULD HAVE A HOME OF OUR OWN!

Daily Blue  
NATIONAL AIR RACES TOMORROW  
WINNER TO GET \$20,000







NOW HAVE YOU GOT THAT STRAIGHT, YOUNG MAN? AS GOVERNMENT PURCHASING AGENT, I WISH TO ORDER 50,000 THROW RUGS FOR PURSUIT PLANES AND 50,000 LIVING ROOM RUGS FOR BOMBERS!

YESSIR!



NOW THIS IS WHAT THE ACME AIR LINES HAS IN MIND-- A LONG, THIN RUG LIKE STAIRWAY RUGS! PASSENGERS CAN SIT BEHIND EACH OTHER! ON THE BOTTOM, WE WANT OUR NAME WOVEN IN!

OKAY!



GEE, MOM, LOOK AT THE ORDERS I'VE GOT! WE'LL BE RICH!

GRACIOUS! I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!



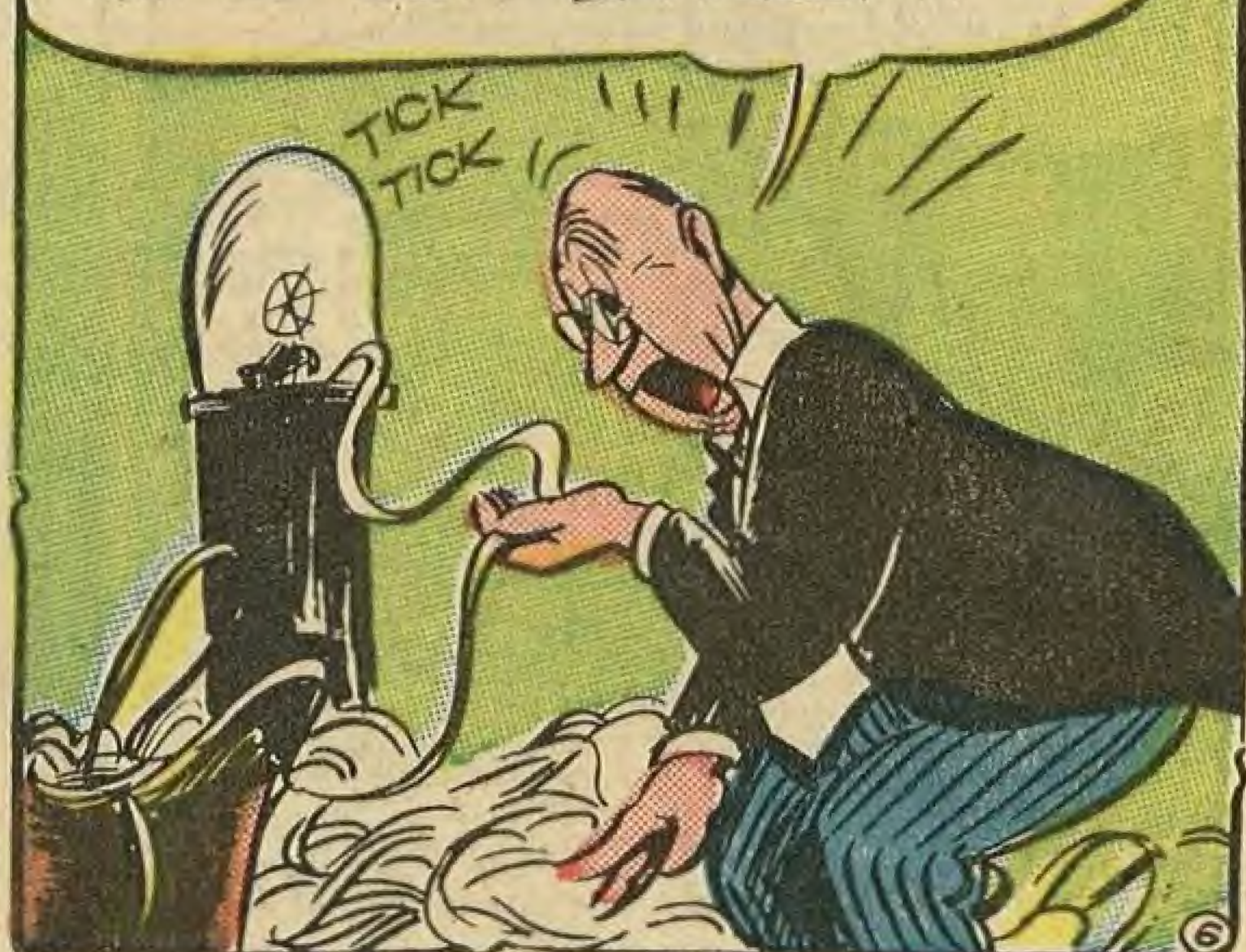
GENTLEMEN, AS PRESIDENT OF AMALGAMATED AIRPLANE CO., I'VE CALLED THIS MEETING TO TELL YOU WE'RE FACED WITH A GRAVE CRISIS!



STOP THE MEETING! COME IN THE NEXT ROOM, QUICK!

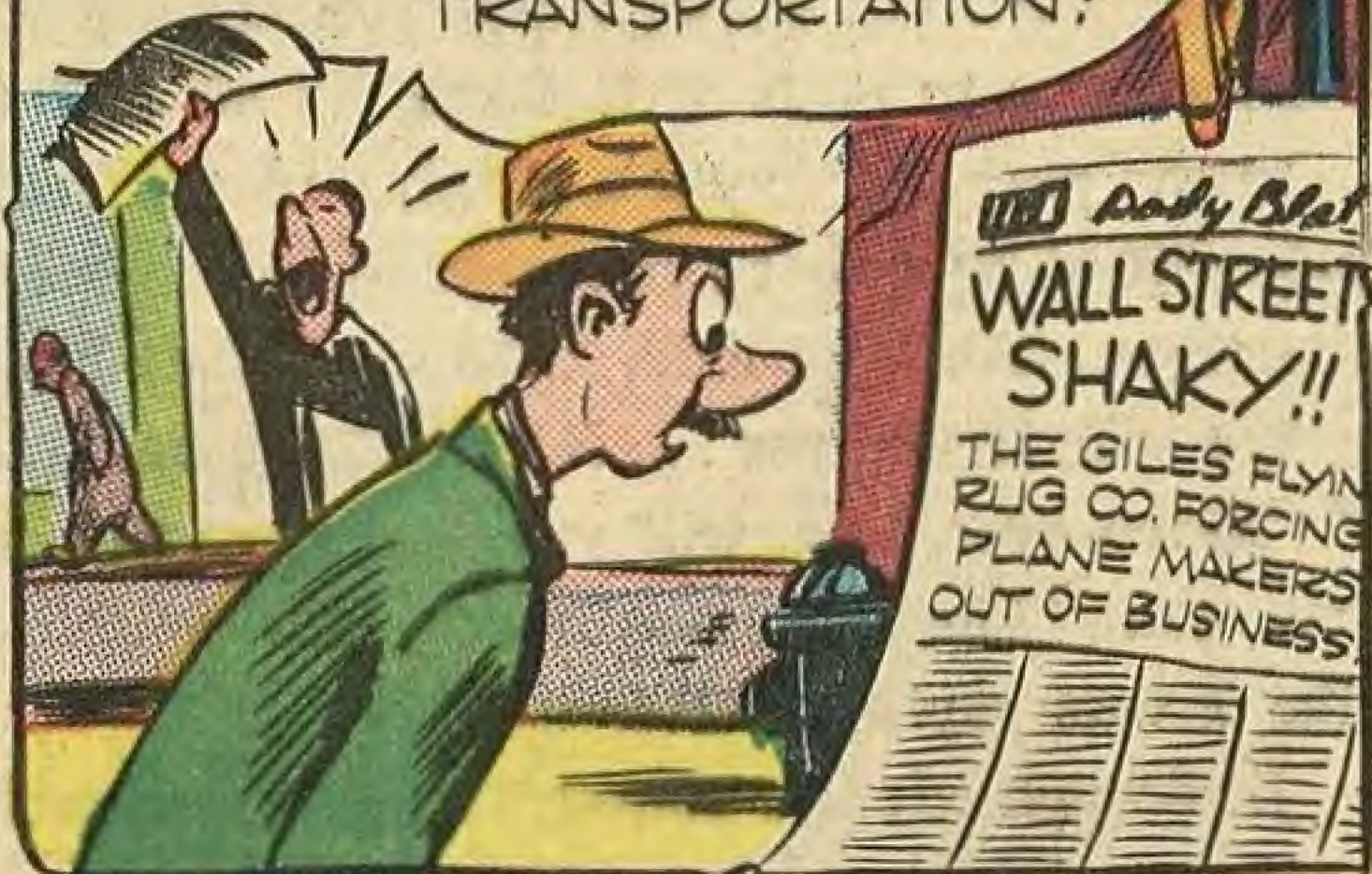


AMALGAMATED AIRPLANE STOCK IS GOING DOWN!-- IT'S 100-60-30-10-5-3-ZERO! WE'RE WIPED OUT! BANKRUPT!





READ ALL ABOUT IT! GASOLINE, STEEL, ALUMINUM COMPANIES FACE RUIN NEXT! "NO NEED FOR OUR PRODUCTS NOW," THEY SAY! FLYING RUG WILL BE NATIONAL MODE OF TRANSPORTATION!



FLASH! GILES, THE BOY TYCOON, MAY BE THE RICHEST PERSON IN THE WORLD IN A FEW HOURS! THE NATION'S MANUFACTURERS ARE GOING TO OFFER HIM 300 BILLION DOLLARS FOR HIS RUG-MAKING MACHINE!



W-WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER, SON? IF 300 BILLION ISN'T ENOUGH, WE'LL GO ANOTHER BILLION!

SELL IT, GILES! WHY, YOU'LL BE WORKING ALL YOUR LIFE TO FILL THOSE ORDERS! YOU WON'T GET TO BE A LITTLE BOY AT ALL!

OKAY, MOM! I'LL GO GET IT!



OH, GEE-GOSH! IT-IT FELL APART! IT'S NOTHING BUT SAWDUST!



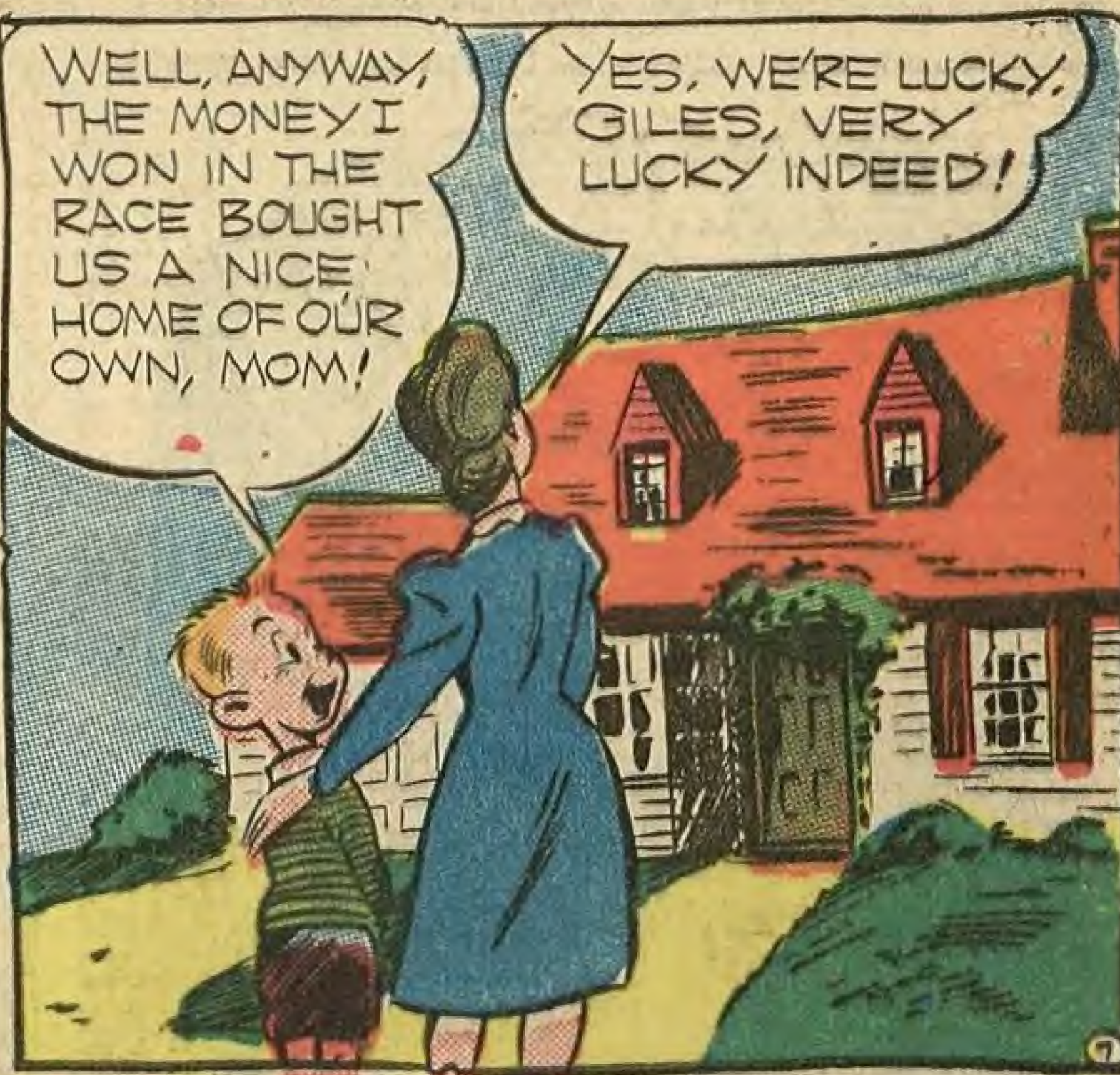
WE'RE SAVED! SAVED! TERMITES HAVE DESTROYED IT! WE DON'T HAVE TO BUY IT NOW!

SNIFF!--AND THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY RUG! THE MOTHS GOT IT!



WELL, ANYWAY, THE MONEY I WON IN THE RACE BOUGHT US A NICE HOME OF OUR OWN, MOM!

YES, WE'RE LUCKY, GILES, VERY LUCKY INDEED!





# Jitterbuck's CRAM SESSION

JITTERBUCK arose from the dinner table with a full stomach and a heavy heart. "Scuse me, family," he announced sadly, "but I've got a little midnight oil ta burn. Big exam tomorrow!"

Climbing the steps to his room, Jit felt pretty miserable. "I've got a heck of a lot of algebra to absorb," he thought, "and I'm not a very absorbent kind o' guy!"

In his room, he bent studiously over a textbook. "Better memorize this formula," he thought. "Ol' drizzle-puss is sure to ask for it. X plus Z squared equals . . . OH, NO!"

A wild blare of music shot through his window from Cookie's house next door. "Pal!" muttered Jit bitterly. "Is this a time for hot platters? What I need is quiet, in big doses!"

He tried to concentrate on his book, but it was no go. The figures seemed to get mixed up with drumbeats and the result was a mess.

"I can't go on!" Jit exclaimed finally. "I'm movin' . . . to the library!"

Collecting his books, he ran to the reading room of the town library, just in time to wave good-night to the librarian, who said, "Closing time, Jitterbuck!" and departed.

"Groovey Groundhogs!" exclaimed Jit, clutching his books and moving towards the park.

"I gotta pass that exam! It's a MUST! I'll find a quiet spot to cram if it takes me *all night!*"

In the park, Jit found a bench under a weak, pale sort of light that glimmered fitfully through the trees. "Ah," he said, "peace at last! Now, where wuz I? Oh, yes . . . X plus Z squared . . ."

"Move over, bud, will ya?" a deep voice interrupted. "Here's a good bench, Hoiman. Now, like I wuz sayin' . . ."

Jitterbuck tried to concentrate on his algebra . . . in vain!

Finally, he slapped his book shut, rose, rubbed his weary eyes and started back for home. "Guess I'll give it a try again!" he yawned.

By the time he got home, all the windows were dark, for the family had gone to bed. Tip-toeing up the stairs, Jit entered his room and lit the little lamp on the night table. "Guess there's no use gettin' undressed," he said. "Looks like I'll be crammin' all night. Now, let's see . . . X plus Z squared equals . . ."

All night, Jit crammed like mad, dousing his eyes with cold water at frequent intervals to keep awake. By the time morning came, he was a very sad sack indeed.

"I think I'll pass," he mumbled, too tired to talk clearly. "In fact, I'm sure I'll pass . . . if I can stay awake!"

Miss Bibblesnicker's classroom was orderly that morning. Everyone looked expectantly at teacher, who faced the students, arms folded, a frown on her face. By concentrating, Jit could just about manage to keep his eyes open.

"Class," said Miss Bibblesnicker, "I have an announcement to make. In view of the fact that the school board has selected today to visit our school, there will be no algebra examination this morning!"

An appreciative hum filled the classroom. There was only one jarring note. Jitterbuck's head had fallen forward on his desk with a loud thud.

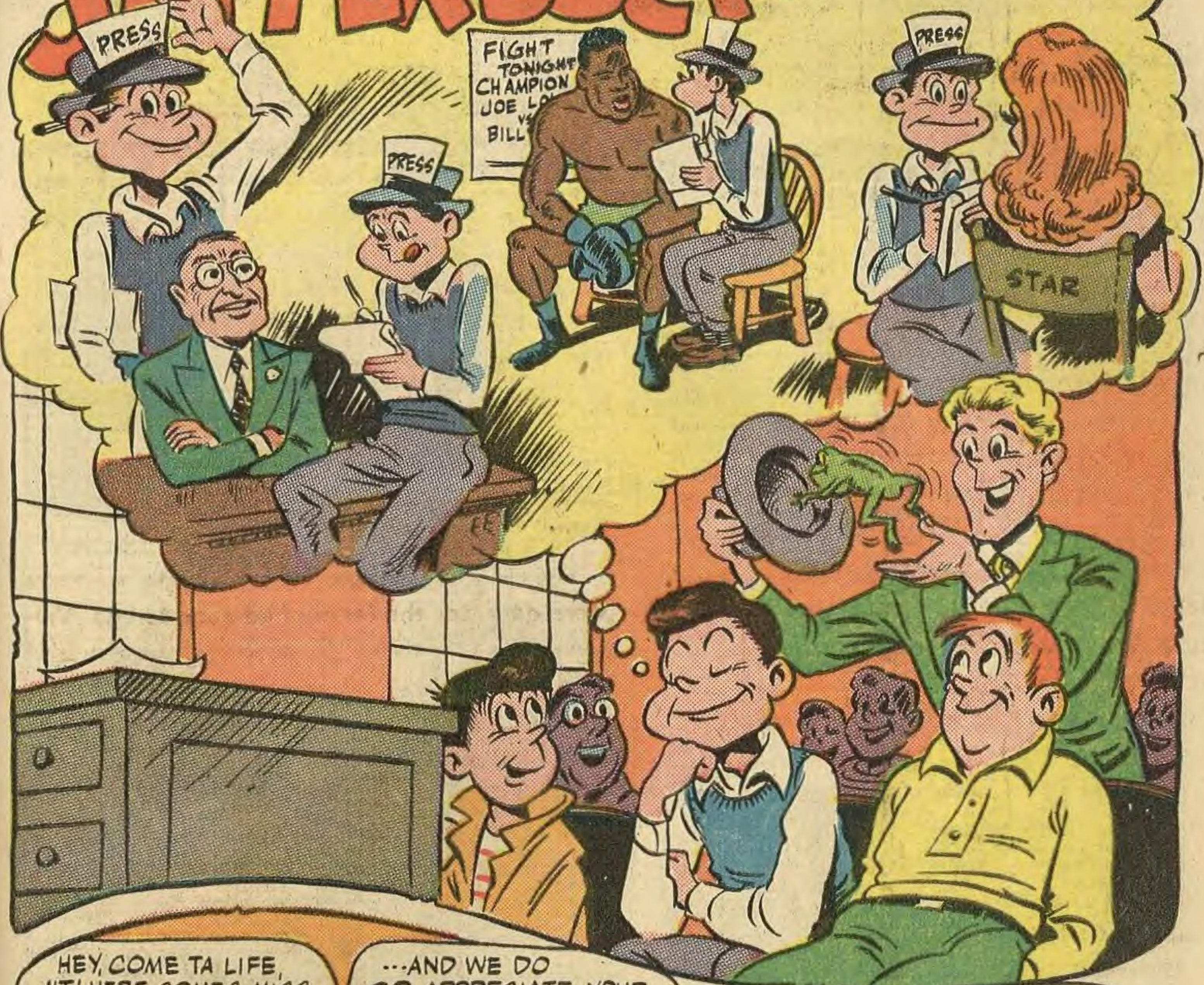
He snored, too!





# WITTERBUCK

"NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS"



HEY, COME TA LIFE, JIT! HERE COMES MISS BIBBLESNICKER WITH THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR NOW!

...AND WE DO SO APPRECIATE YOUR NEWSPAPER'S COOPERATION IN THIS VERY WORTHY CAUSE!

HUH...?

AS YOU ALL KNOW...TODAY IS THE DAY WE ANNOUNCE THE NAME OF THE BOY WHOSE LITERARY EFFORTS IN THE PAST YEAR BEST FIT HIM FOR A SUMMER JOB AS REPORTER WITH THE *DAILY SKOOKUM*!









I KIN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!  
MY FIRST JOB...A **REPORTER**  
...AN' COVERIN' A BOXIN'-  
MATCH, AT THAT! WAIT'LL  
THE GANG...

...AND DON'T FORGET  
THAT'S **MY** TYPEWRITER  
YOU'VE GOT THERE!

*The fifth round...*

...THE BIG PALOOKA DOESN'T  
STAND A CHANCE! FROM  
WHERE I SIT, HE'S JUST A  
BIG TUB OF LARD...

HE JUST GOT KNOCKED  
FOR A LOOP, AND IS THAT  
MUSIC TO MY EARS...

ONE... TWO...  
FIVE...

SIX...  
NINE...  
EIGHT...

...FROM WHERE I SIT,  
HE'S JUST A BIG TUB  
OF LARD...

WHY, YOUSE  
LITTLE PUNK!  
I'LL...

HUH?



Meanwhile...

BUT ALL THIS IS VERY CONFUSING!

YES, I KNOW... BUT IT WAS ZOOT HERE WHO WAS TO HAVE GOTTEN THE REPORTING JOB AWARD! YOU SEE, WHEN THAT BEAST JUMPED AT ME... ANYWAY, IT WAS A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

UH-HUH! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



SO THE EDITOR HEAVES THIS DOPE OUT... TURNS TO ME AN' SEZ: "ZOOT, MY BOY, YOU'VE GOT **CLASS!** GO COVER THE GOULDABILT WEDDING TOMORROW! SO TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT FIVE..."

STOW IT, ZOOT! THE **BRAIN'S** WORKIN' ON AN **IDEA!**

HERE IT COMES, JIT!

IT IS MY CONSIDERED JUDGMENT, JITTERBUCK, THAT WHAT THE **DAILY SKOOKUM** NEEDS TO HELP ITS CIRCULATION IS SOME FORM OF **CRUSADE!**



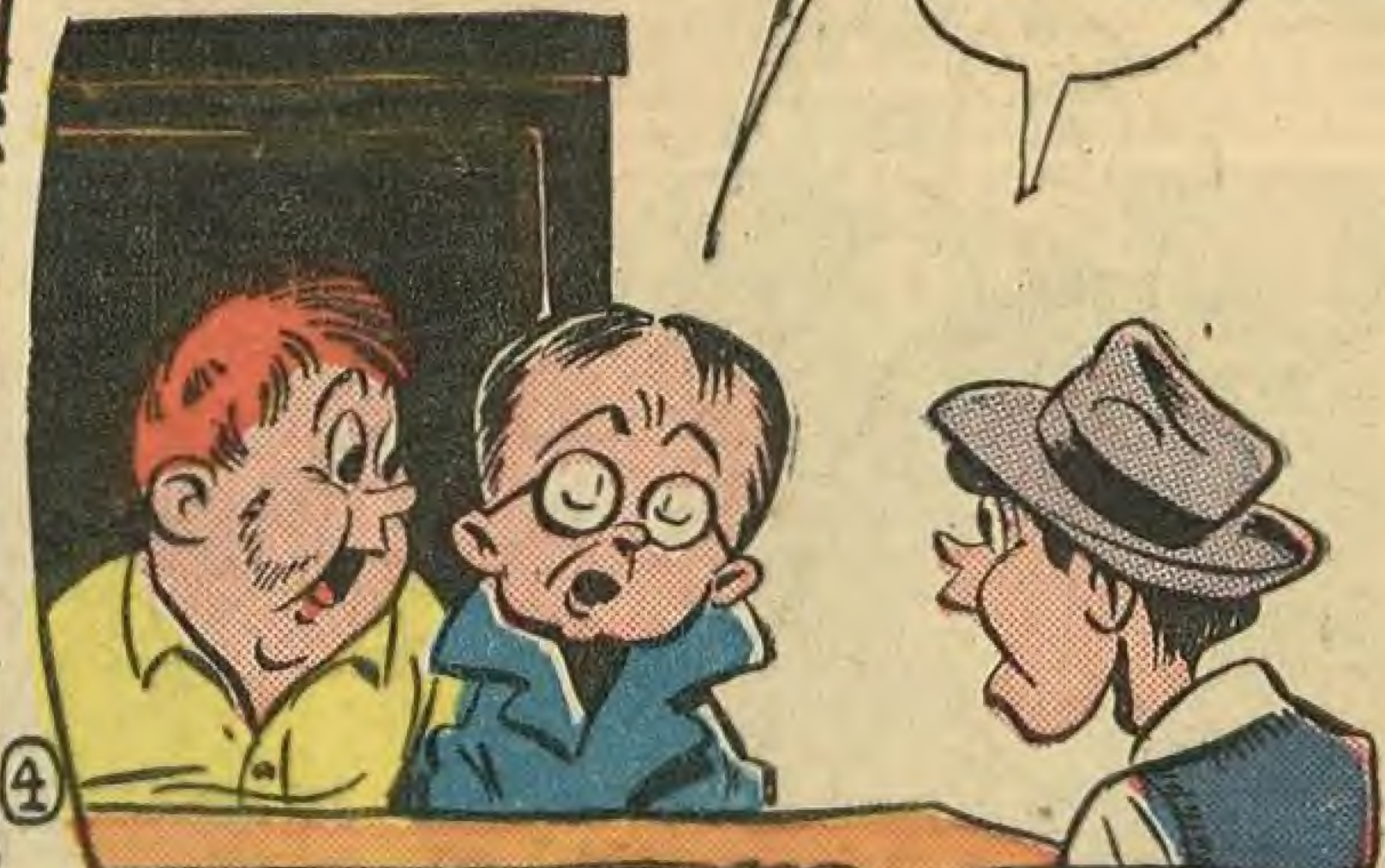
SO WOT!

SO IF YOU WERE THE ONE TO BRING THEM AN IDEA, THE EDITOR'S GRATITUDE WOULD RESTORE YOUR JOB!

DID YA HAVE ANYTHIN' **SPECIAL** IN MIND, BRAIN?

MOST **DECIDEDLY!** SUPPOSE YOU CONCENTRATED ON THE LACK OF HOUSING... SUPPOSE YOU WERE TO CAMPAIGN FOR THOSE WITH LARGE HOMES, TO SHARE THEM WITH LESS FORTUNATE G.I.'s!

HEY!

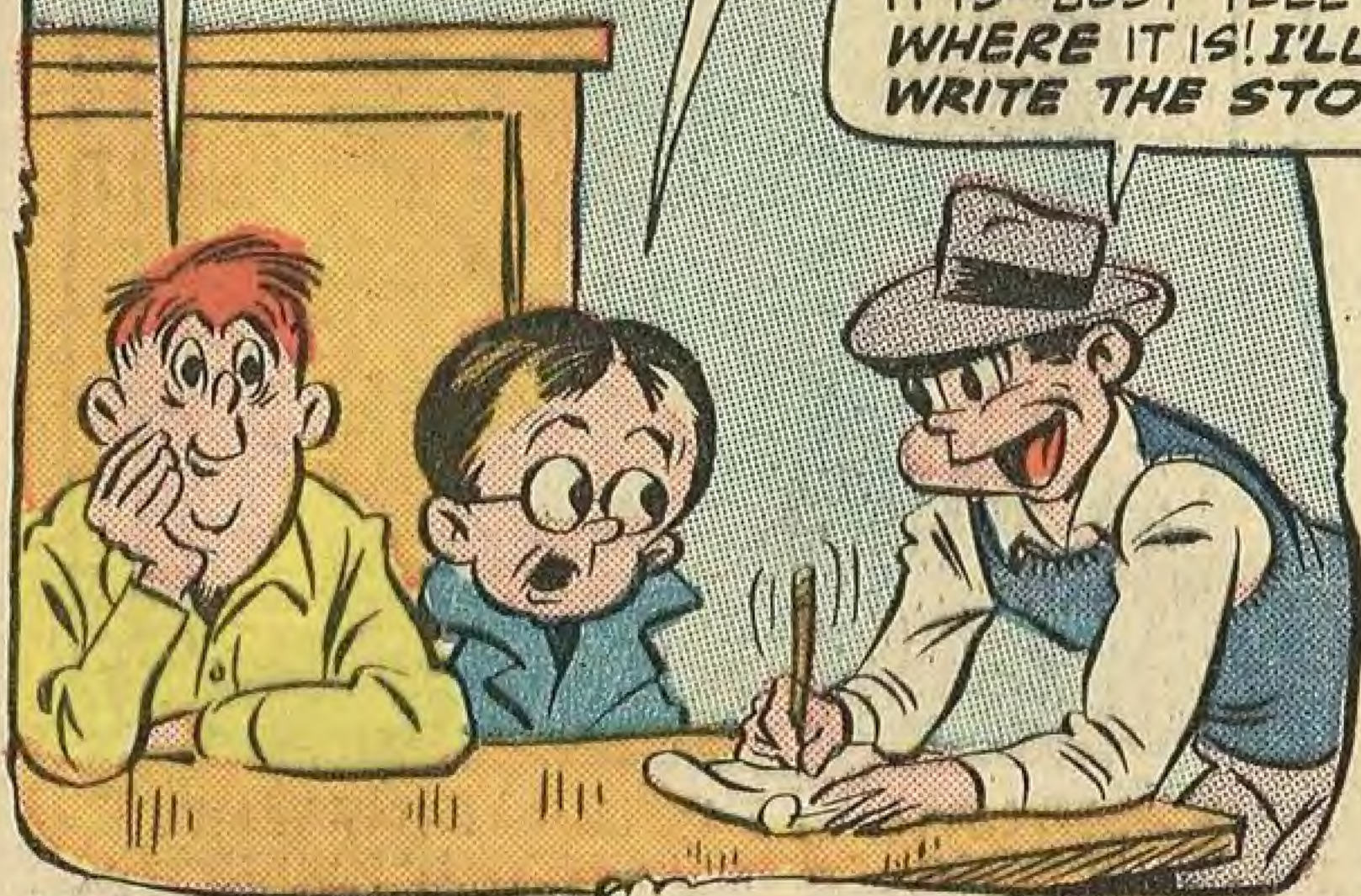




NICE GOIN' BRAIN!  
NOW LESSEE...WHO'S  
SOMEBODY WITH A  
BIG HOUSE?

THERE'S AN ENORMOUS  
MANSION OUT ON FAIRWAY  
DRIVE! I DON'T KNOW  
WHOM IT BELONGS TO,  
BUT...

NEVER MIND *WHOSE*  
IT IS...JUST TELL ME  
*WHERE* IT IS! I'LL  
WRITE THE STORY!



*And so, far into the night...*

...AND YOU G.I.'S OUGHT TO TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF THIS! AFTER ALL,  
IT'S A BIG HOUSE...AND I'M SURE  
THE OWNER WOULD TAKE A  
PATRIOTIC ATTITUDE ABOUT  
BETTERING YOUR LOT...



*Next day...*

NO STORY,  
HE SEZ!  
**GET OUT!**



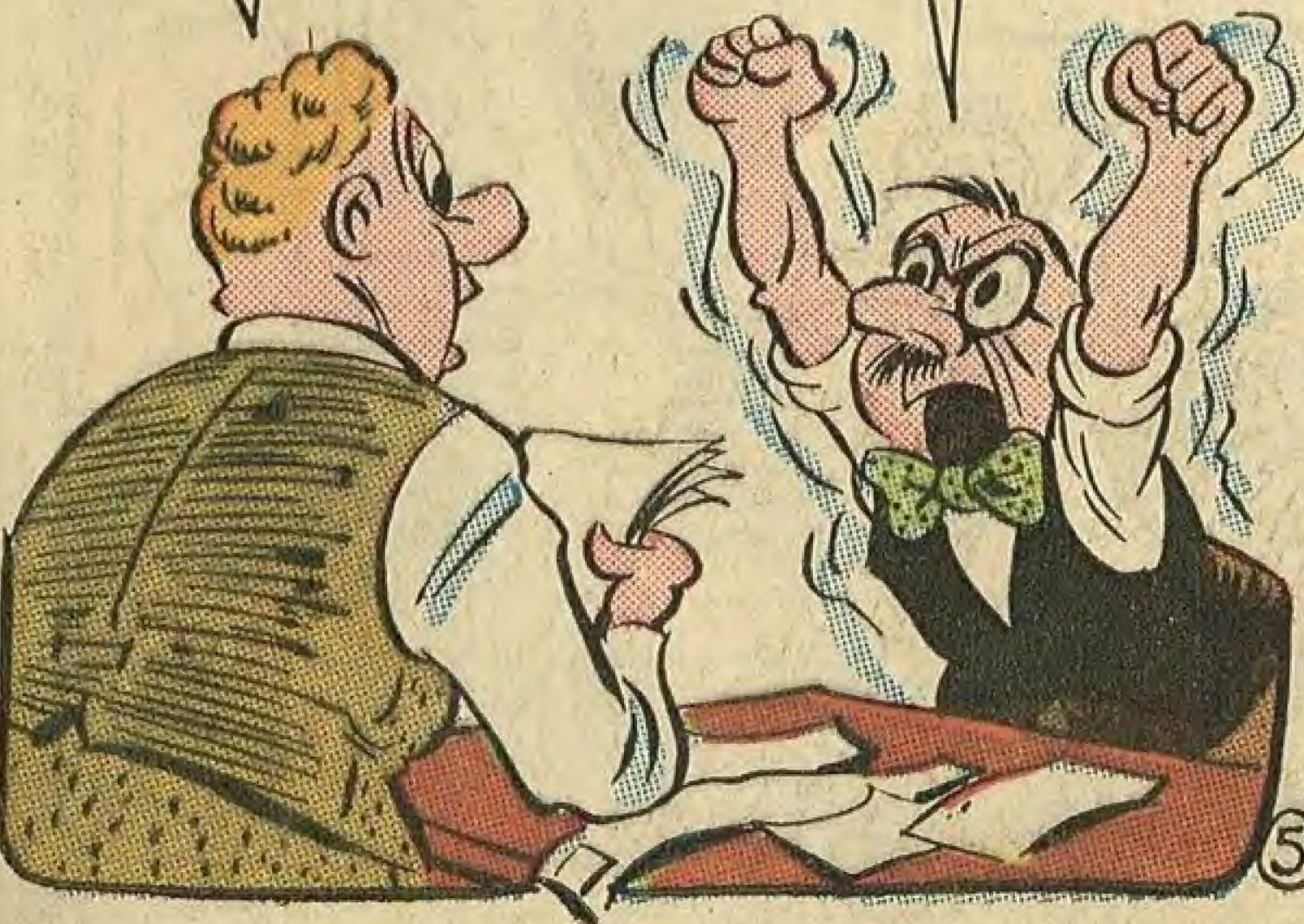
NO STORY! I SEND HIM OUT TO COVER A  
WEDDING...THE GROOM TURNS OUT TO BE  
A NAZI SPY...HIS FIRST WIFE TURNS UP  
AND HITS THE BRIDE WITH A LIT CANDLE  
...HER OLD MAN JUMPS TO THE RESCUE...  
HIS MOUSTACHE CATCHES FIRE...AND  
BEFORE IT'S OVER, THE CHURCH BURNS  
DOWN! AND HE COMES BACK AND  
TELLS ME THERE'S NO STORY!

**OH-HHHHH!**



SAY, BOSS! SOME GUY  
JUST BROUGHT IN A  
STORY ON THE HOUSING  
SHORTAGE, AN'...

WELL, GO AHEAD  
...USE IT! WE NEED  
SOMETHING TO  
FILL UP SPACE!



YA MEAN...  
YER GONNA  
**PRINT**  
IT?

YEH, YEH,  
SON...  
**HUH?**

I SAID IF ANY-  
ONE WANTS ME...  
TELL THEM I'VE  
GONE HOME FOR  
A **NICE, LONG**  
**REST!**





Later...

...AN' WHEN I HEARD OF YOUR SUCCESS, JITTERBUCK, I DECIDED TO THROW A PARTY FOR YOU! SO BE AT THE HOUSE IN ABOUT AN HOUR, CAREER BOY!

HEY, JIT!



MM-MMMM! SUCCESS IS A WONDERFUL THING, ISN'T IT?

I WOULDN'T KNOW, SON... I WOULDN'T KNOW!



B-BUT I'M SORRY, SIR... I'M AWFULLY S-S...

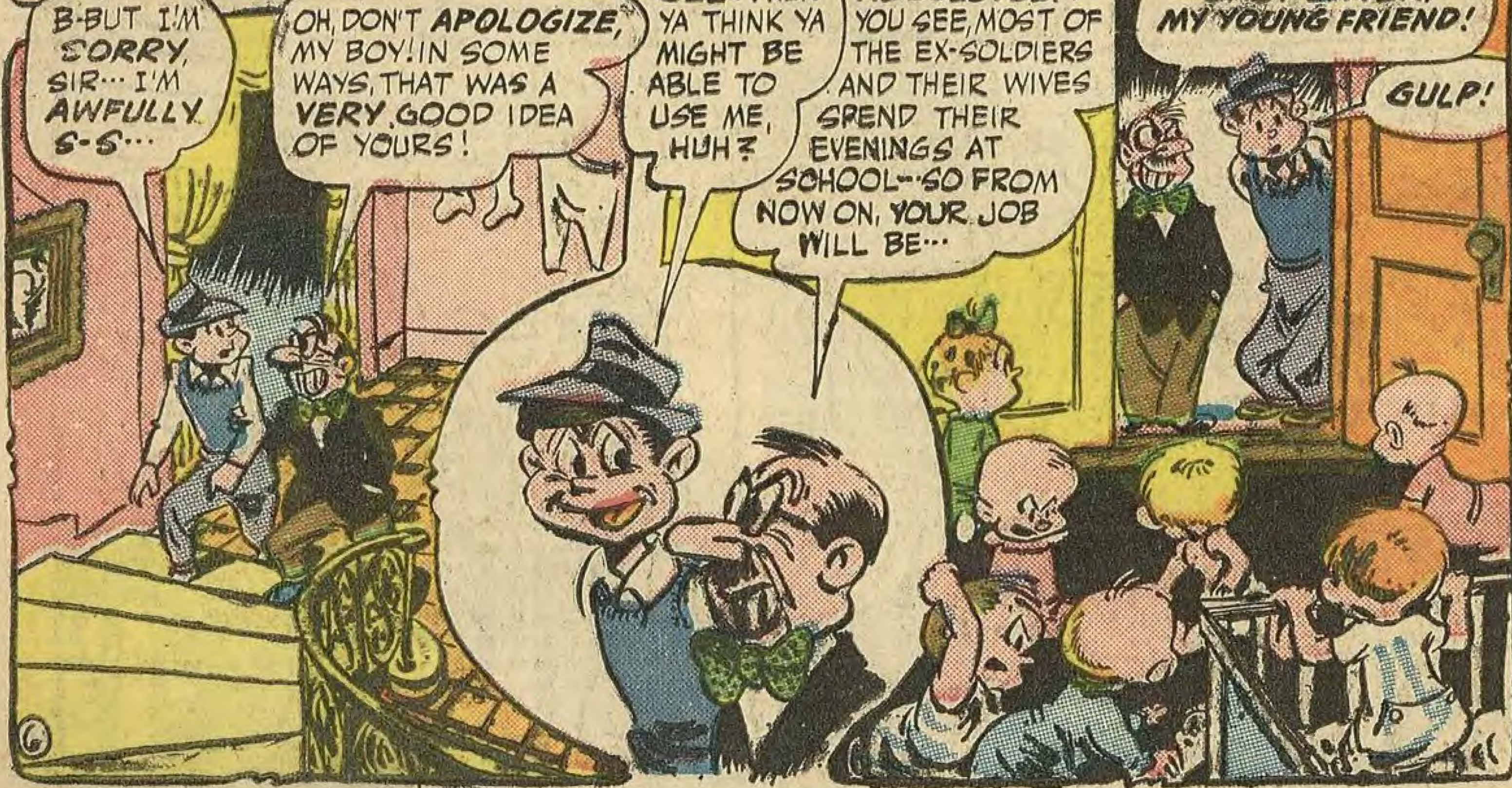
OH, DON'T APOLOGIZE, MY BOY! IN SOME WAYS, THAT WAS A VERY GOOD IDEA OF YOURS!

GEE! THEN YA THINK YA MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE ME, HUH?

ABSOLUTELY! YOU SEE, MOST OF THE EX-SOLDIERS AND THEIR WIVES SPEND THEIR EVENINGS AT SCHOOL--SO FROM NOW ON, YOUR JOB WILL BE...

...BABY SITTER, MY YOUNG FRIEND!

GULP!





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